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VOLUME 155 NUMBER 4

LOOKING FORWARD

WHAT, we wonder, will Henry Ford, Bishop Cannon, William Allen White, Mr. McBride, Ella Boole and their mutual followers say to the recent clear cut, well reasoned statement by Dwight W. Morrow on prohibition?

NATURALLY, so long as statements telling the truth about prohibition came only from people like Alfred E. Smith, James Wadsworth, Governor Ritchie, Pierre DuPont, Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, Fred G. Clark and countless others, the answer was clear. Like the millions who voted for repeal in the Digest poll, like the Outlook and Independent itself, all such were unAmerican, and their only proper place was behind the bars. For they were advocating the repeal of the very laws which the Wickershammers and the Borgias in Congress were trying to invest with a halo of sanctity.

BUT HOW NOW? When men of Mr. Morrow's stamp come out flatfootedly in political addresses for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment as the only final solution of the difficulty into which our Dry friends have plunged us? Is our Ex-Ambassador to Mexico a menace to our ideals, our homes, our radios, our Model A's, our public schools? Is the representative of the United States at the London Conference in the pay of liquor interests? Is the friend of President Coolidge and President Hoover a scoff-law? Has the former partner of Mr. Morgan, the trustee of Amherst College, been plotting disloyalty to the Constitution all these years, only waiting for a Republican Senatorial primary in New Jersey to show his true colors?

IN SOBER TRUTH, Mr. Morrow deserves the thanks of all decent Americans for his courageous statement of our plight. In Washington his honesty of mind will be like a fresh wind off the sea, blowing aside the fog of political chicanery which fills Pennsylvania Avenue. We hope that all Republicans in New Jersey will vote for him, so that independent Democrats may have a chance to help elect him—and the country at large benefit from his services.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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EDITORS
Francis Rufus Bellamy
Parkhurst Whitney
Henry F. Pringle
John T. Hackett
William T. Adee
Rodman Gilder

ASSOCIATES
Malcolm Waters Davis
Helen Chandler
Walter R. Brooks
Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins
William O. Scroggs

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"Meek-hearted children of the lonely fields"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

May 28, 1930

Prohibition and the Negro

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Prohibition, writes Mr. Rutledge, is poisoning the Negro and is making him a law breaker. His health is impaired by corrosive chemicals, Associating with bootleggers, the "meek-hearted children of the lonely fields" are growing wily. The South endorsed prohibition because of the Negro; no one supposed that the white man would obey the law. Mr. Rutledge, who is a South Carolinian, doubts that the plan has succeeded

ONE DAY I went down to a river with a half-dozen of my Negro deer-drivers, intending to hunt on the farther side. We had hopes of getting a man to ferry us over. But to all our whoops and blowing of horns there was no response. River and marsh and wood slept in the placid sunlight of the southern midwinter. We tried for an hour, but our shouts were in vain.

Finally I said, altogether in jest:

"Sammy, why don't you give the bootlegger's whoop?"

My henchmen were instantly convulsed. Sammy stepped forward with obedient but guilty self-consciousness, and gave a weird imitation of the hoot of the barred owl, the ending of which was wholly appealing and human, having a "dying fall." Hardly had the echoes of his voice died away before we saw the prow of a boat edge slyly out of the yellow marsh on the farther side of the river. Here was our transportation coming! We had been failing to speak in persuasive language. Therefore I think that all travelers in the rural South, if they really wish to cross rivers, get pulled out of bog-holes, summon aid of whatsoever nature, should learn the vernacular of the bootlegger. One of the ways to do this is to learn the signs, signals, and other methods of communication from the Negroes.

It has been my observation that prohibition has produced in the Negro a singular attitude toward Law. He has always dreaded it. Now he is coming to regard it as a kind of common enemy. I quote from a most respectable Negro who told me how he had protected a bootlegger with whom he had no business relations whatsoever.

"I was shad-fishing down the river when I heard the revenue motor-boat coming. I knew where she was heading. It was six miles to Maybank, where Mr. Johnnie has his still. I said to myself, 'I ain't gwine to let the Law catch him.' So I rowed like I never rowed before, and I got to the Maybank Canal just as Mr. Johnnie was coming out into the river with a load. . . . I always tries to warn my friends against the Law."

One night a very intelligent white girl of eighteen, a college graduate, was deploring the conditions which she found prevalent in her village upon her return home.

"There aren't any eligible young men left," she said; "they're all bootlegging —those who might have been lawyers and doctors and planters. And the Negroes are being corrupted fast. As far as I can see, the Fed'ral Fo'ce is playing the game with them. . . . Everybody suspects everybody else of devilment, and nearly everybody is right in his surmise."

FOR MY PART, I believe in neither teetotalism nor drunkenness, but in temperance. Yet what I believe has little to do with the present theme, which is to be a simple discussion of the question: What has prohibition done for the Negro? It is a pertinent question; and the utmost candor is needed to answer it.

The history of the whole prohibition movement in the South is pretty largely the history of the attempt to take whiskey and other intoxicants away from the Negro. The ruling class in the South being Anglo-Saxon, any attempt to curtail its private liberty would be impossible. Few white people in the South, as far as I can judge by what I myself see and hear at home, take national prohibition seriously insofar as it affects themselves. Prohibition is regarded as a special law designed for the control of the Negro. The fact that it is so regarded must be seriously considered; for what makes a law real is obedience to it. National prohibition is therefore in the South considered to be a further aid to the caste system. The whites of the South welcomed prohibition; for they knew it would not touch them, and they believed it would make control of the Negro easier. I have often been impressed that the southerner feels it a matter of pride now to offer his guest whatever he wishes in the way of liquid refreshment, as if thereby to dispel any disagreeable illusion on the part of his visitor that the inalienable rights of his genial host have been in any way affected by the matter of a slight statute passed against the Negro.

There was this hope, then: that, without in the least impairing his own freedom of access to what he wanted and felt he had a right to have, prohibition would pass by the white man and conveniently take care of the Negro. No man who has not long lived in the South can quite appreciate the naturalness and

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the soundness of this view. The South has never been in the least deluded by the wild and bolshevik theory (sponsored only by those who covet votes) that all men are created equal. Wherever a caste system prevails, it is by no means certain that, even in the eyes of the law, all people should be considered equal. Is it reasonable to suppose that God himself regards all of us as equal?

Prohibition came; the panacea was applied. But as usual, its effects were not exactly what were anticipated. With things humanly created, one does sometimes gather bad fruit from a good tree. The design of prohibition was unquestionably noble and high, just as any other attempt after perfection is. But the ancient obstacle to its attainment is human nature itself—mobile, crafty, acute, dextrous. We took away from the Negro by federal law the use of intoxicants. Have we bettered his condition?

It has been the history of racial contacts that weaker races have generally succumbed to the vices of stronger races before the virtues of the stronger had time to civilize the latter. When the French went to Zanzibar, the aborigines vanished. So did the original inhabitants of the West Indies when the Spanish and the English came. Only by heroic last-minute measures have we saved in our own country a pathetic remnant of the former owners of this continent.

ONE OF THE MARVELS of ethnology is the survival of the Negro in a white civilization. But the Negro has been nurtured forward: first by a kindly, feudal system called slavery; then he got a fearful backset through sudden chaotic emancipation; now he is beginning to recover from that wellnigh fatal blow; a blow in the sense that the Negro was not ready for liberty in a highly civilized society, and that he had no real place in it and certainly no economic resources. Too few Americans understand that President Lincoln freed the slaves, not by any means from any humanitarian motives, as he himself repeatedly made clear, but as a desperate war-measure to save the Union. Bonded or free, the Negro was and is an inferior race striving to work out its destiny in a far higher civilization than his own, his weaker nature assailed by the vices which flourish under that civilization.

The chief thing that has kept the Negro from vanishing has been his tendency to be rural, and therefore natural. In the cities, the Negro is fully exposed to the temptations which the white man either resists or accepts with a keen understanding of how the penalties are best to be avoided. But not so the Negro. He is shut out from so many necessities that when luxuries are offered he is never the man to refuse. My acquaintance among rural Negroes has been extensive, lifelong, and intimate; and I can truthfully say that if I saw a Negro refuse a drink I should seriously question his sanity. All the Negroes I have ever known will drink, and drink as much as they can get. Nor are they to be blamed; for this tendency in them is due less to their natural weakness of resistance than to the fact that the white man drinks. Is the inferior to refuse that which the superior is known to enjoy? We had better not expect too many miracles of human nature.

LET US ACCEPT the fact that the Negro is generally both thirsty and hungry; that he has a taste for strong drink. In the old days, he was permitted to get a certain amount, and it did him no moral good. But at least it did him little physical harm. What he got was generally good of its kind. Now, he drinks all he can get of what is offered. And what is this? Creosote, fusel oil, shoe polish, paint remover, tick-eradicator, embalming fluid, fire extinguisher, and other American nectars. What he used to get was strong but pure, and he drank all he could lay his hands on. What he now gets is virulent poison, and he drinks all he can lay his hands on. It is my modest belief that poison is rather worse than an old-time alcoholic beverage.

Very recently I had a letter from a friend who is a very large employer of Negro labor. He said: "The hands are all happy, for the weather is warm and there's enough work to enable them to get good wages. But I am convinced that nearly all their money goes for bootleg on Saturday night."

Within the past two years I have known five Negroes to die of acute poisoning through the drinking of modern liquor, and everywhere I see Negroes impaired in health from this same cause. Just at present, because this law is not, and perhaps cannot be, enforced, we are poisoning the Negro. This is one solution of the race problem which has not my approval.

Again, for the first time in history, the Negro has become actively engaged in the manufacture of illicit liquors. How can he resist the temptation of the white bootlegger who offers him "cash money" for firing a still? I venture to say that there are very few Negroes in the South who have not been solicited by bootleggers to assist them. The temptation is sore; for not only is the pay good, but, despite a thousand disappointments, the Negro somehow has a blind faith in the superiority of the white man. Whatever the white man does must be right. What does the Negro know of the federal power, and of the plea of President Hoover that this "noble experiment" be made successful? I lately asked a plantation Negro where his son was working. "He's working for a very kind gentleman," was the reply; "for a man named Mr. Government."

While the prohibition law had not any designs against the life and happiness of the Negro, it is a fact that it is poisoning him and is teaching him to be a lawbreaker. Because in the South the law has always been in the hands of the white man, the Negro has ever had for it a wholesome terror. But now, seeing one set of whites pitted against another set, he joins one faction. Negroes have an inherent sympathy for the underdog; and they frequently keep a close watch on Federal agents, and warn distillers of their approach. They really don't know what it's all about; and in that respect they resemble most of the rest of us.

It may be supposed from what I have said that I am opposed to the prohibition law. I am neither protagonist nor antagonist. I am merely an observer, striving candidly to report what I see and know. If I were a radical in either camp, my vision would be as blurred as partisanship always makes it.

THE CLAIM has repeatedly been made that prohibition has been good "for the working man." But we still have with us human nature; and as long as we do, we shall have our troubles, with or without beverages. For my part, I would rather see a Negro drink honest whiskey than see him drink cologne and varnish-stain, and be shot to death by a Government agent for keeping a still-fire going. I'd rather see him drunk occasionally than writhing in agony from imbibing vitriol, or lying face down in the swamp-land with a ghastly hole made by a high-power bullet in the back of his head.

Because I have so long known and so long loved the rural Negro, and found in him a humble loyalty that I hardly know where else to discover—an abnegation and a faithfulness that are elemental in sincerity and ingenuousness—

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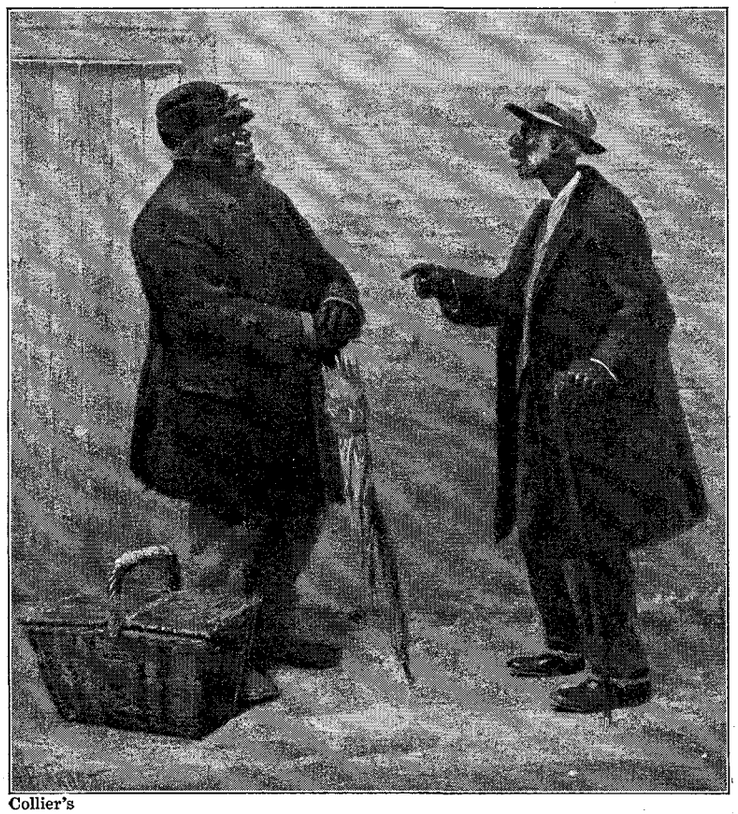
I have come to resent any power that corrupts this fine integrity. I have found that at present prohibition is such a corrupting influence. It seems to make for slyness and evasiveness. It is bad enough to corrupt human beings who are mature; yet for such backsliding in character they themselves are largely to blame. But to ruin human children seems to me the limit of depravity. Yet it is difficult for mechanical-minded Puritans to understand that what is well intended can have a vicious effect. They must learn that all laws are tentative; we pass them in the hope that they may alleviate certain conditions. When they do not, or when in their operation they c r e a t e problems worse than the original ones, it is the part of wisdom and of morality to modify them or to repeal them.

If the Constitution can be improved by additions, why can it not be likewise improved by subtractions? If it was not too sacred to be amplified, why is it too sacred to be curtailed? Woman still retains much of her power regardless of the length of her skirts. Even the strongest advocates of prohibition acknowledge it to be an experiment. But "experiment on a vile body" is a good rule; we have been experimenting on the character of our citizenry. The effect has not been found what its zealots had hoped for.



Collier's

As far as the Negro is concerned: I think that if he could be denied access to intoxicants, it would be a good thing for the white man, and perhaps a good thing for the Negro. But prohibition has not taken away intoxicants from the Negro. It has merely compelled him to drink virulent poisons, of the danger of which he has little understanding. And it has taught him to be "agin the law."

Can the matter of prohibition ever be enforced in the South? I do not think so. I have observed carefully, and I have not noticed any tendency in that direction. There is less drinking of what is worth while, and more drinking of corrosive chemicals. If stills keep on increasing as they have been doing in the past ten years, they will soon obstruct the arterial highways. And, as I have said, but want to repeat, in this illicit business the Negro is for the first time actively engaged.

All my life I have admired the deep sagacity and the thrilling precision of clairvoyance of Negro woodsmen. Many of the happiest and most instructive hours of my life I have spent with these dusky hunters, learning from them the secrets of the woods and the wild creatures. I can never repay the debt I owe to these lowly, unpretending, felicitous teachers of mine. For nearly a lifetime I have profited from their acuteness of instinct and their accuracy of knowledge. But how do I find their knowledge of woodcraft now employed? Not in tracking a deer; not in locating a flock of wild turkeys; not in capturing a marauding bull alligator that has been playing havoc among the stock. No; all this delicately adjusted and aboriginal intelligence I find turned into an illicit channel. I find among my erstwhile simple and ingenuous Negro friends a growing furtiveness, a secretiveness, a disconcerting tendency to be serpentine. These children are getting wily. And the danger arising therefrom is that disingenuousness may become a part of their character; that they may take this lack of candor into all the relations of life. Is it any wonder that I resent the corruption of these meek-hearted children of the lonely fields, the solitary forests?

One might reply that if they are corrupted, that work is done by the bootlegger. True, in a sense; but the bootlegger is distinctly the product of prohibition.

Not long ago a defender of prohibition called my attention rather sharply to the fact that, as far as he could judge, rural Negroes were dressing better, and seemed to have more money than formerly. And he attributed this change for the better to the fact that the Negroes' money, instead of being spent for strong drink, was now spent for the necessities of life. Such a view is a mere halcyon dream. If the Negro has more money now, it is mainly because he makes it out of breaking the national law. I heard a southern wit say not long since: "The boll-weevil came, and nearly ruined the South; but prohibition arrived just in time to save her."

If obscure and backward people, with little education, who never had money before this time, are now appearing prosperous, there can be small doubt into what business they have gone. Indeed, at least in that part of the South with which I am well acquainted, there is no more startling or singular phenomenon than the sudden comical rise to affluence of a class of people who heretofore have been distinguished chiefly by constitutional inertia. I know a small settlement between Georgetown and Charleston where formerly lived a few forlorn poachers; they had no business, no money, no land, no anything. Their children used to run around with the mangy dogs and the starving razorbacks. Then came prohibition.

Drive through that very same town today and you will see well built houses, fine cars standing at their doors; you will see large gardens, trim lawns; you will see hammocks on the porches, cur-

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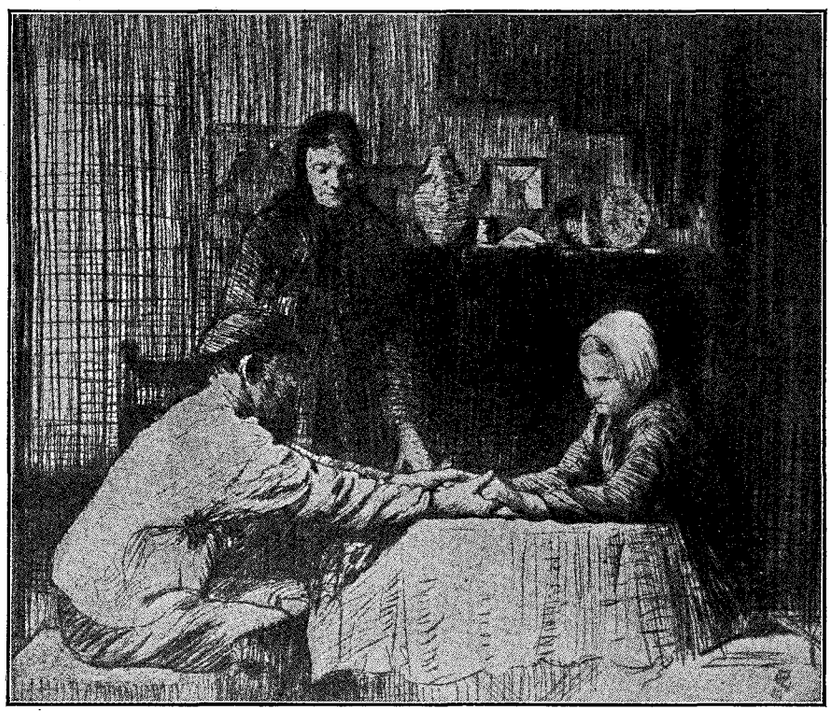
M. Le Maire Officiates

By EDWARD ANGLY

IN URBES, an Alsatian village lyin along a road that Caesar's legions built, the chief of the fire department took unto himself a wife not long ago. His father, the mayor, performed the civil ceremony. It was, therefore, a wedding of more than ordinary importance in the eyes of the seven hundred inhabitants of the ancient commune set at the end of a slender green valley from which the wooded Vosges rise sharply and high on three sides.

The village baths, on the eve of the ceremony, were crowded with peasants, textile workers, shop keepers and their womenfolk, scrubbing and soaping and showering themselves in anticipation of a three-day fête. From Mulhouse, the nearest large city, arrived a truck freighted with champagnes and burgundies, a stuffed pig and unaccustomed delicacies.



BETROTHAL
Dry-point by W. Lee-Hankey, R. E.

The bridegroom was not only *chef des pompiers,* and consequently the most important personage in the neighborhood whenever the fire bell rang; he was also president of the local gymnastic club, a post of leadership among the younger generation, and *sous-chef* in a department of the textile factory at Wesserling, four kilometers down the valley. Thus he was the workaday boss of many of his elders in the village.

On the morning of the marriage, the bridegroom's father strode in solitary state to the council chamber, there to await the wedding party. Once the robe and chain of office were draped over his broad frock-coated shoulders, and a tricolored sash had been tied around his expansive waist, he ceased to be Papa and became *Monsieur le Maire.*

"Bonjour, Monsieur le maire," said his son and his aged father and all the rest of us as the small group invited to attend the civil ceremony walked into the town-hall. The mayor greeted his own kin with all the dignity of address due to tax payers and voters.

The mothers of the bride and the bridegroom did not trouble to attend the civil ceremony, nor did the maid-of-honor. The real marriage, for them, would be performed later on in the church by *Monsieur le curé.* They left it to the menfolk to dispose of the several necessary legal formalities which were demanded by the Republic.

"Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?" Monsieur le maire demanded of Monsieur le chef des pompiers.

"Oui," said the son.

"Oui, monsieur!" the father suggested.

"Oh pardon . . . Oui, Monsieur," said the chef des pompiers.

The dual rôle of being a dignified Monsieur le maire and a sentimental Monsieur le papa so flustered the mayor that in reading from the scroll before him he proclaimed 1940 as the year of the bridegroom's birth, instead of 1904.

"Mais, non," objected the mayor's father, a fine old *farceur* of eighty-seven with a face and brow and solid stooped body so like Clemenceau's that the neighbors spoke of him as *Le Tigre.*

"Mais non," the old grandfather repeated until the mayor stammered back to cancel half a line and change his *quarante* to *quatre.* Not every citizen would dare correct the mayor of a village with a blunt "Mais, non." Le Tigre could do so, for in addition to his age and his position as father of the mayor, he had the distinction of being one of the few living men in the valley who had worn the red pantaloons of France in the war of 1870.

After pronouncing the young couple man and wife, the mayor continued to speak ex officio rather than ex paterno until he had delivered the customary address of advice and admonition to citizens founding a new *foyer.* The home was the keystone of the social structure, an integral part of the foundation of the state, he said. In the name of the village, of the department, and of France, he felicitated the young couple and explained the husband's duty to protect and the wife's duty to cherish and obey. He hoped that their union would be blessed with happiness, prosperity and children.

That accomplished and the register signed, the mayor took off his robe, chain and sash. With these he put aside his official dignity. A tear or two dropped into his bushy black beard as he murmured "ma fille" and "mon fils" and embraced his new daughter and his son. Le Tigre, too, gave them the accolade, and so did we all. When the round of double-barreled Gallic embraces had been completed, the mayor brought back the atmosphere of formality by putting on his robe again. He must see the wedding party to the door no less formally than he had greeted them on their arrival. Five minutes later he was Papa again as he hurried

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Courtesy Knoedler Gallery

LA NOCE DE VILLAGE
Engraved by Francois Janinet, after Wille fils

home to give a final twirl to his luxuriant but somewhat unsymmetric moustaches, and take his place in the procession which the bride and bridegroom led up the street to the church, where the bell was ringing merrily and the whole populace had gathered to witness the sacramental rites.

As the Church was tightening the knot tied by the State, a furious storm of hail and lightning and torrential rain burst over the mountains. In a few moments the street was a streaming sheet of water. There was no longer any possibility of the wedding party, with its satin slippers and brand-new patent leather shoes, walking to the village *salle des fêtes,* where a dozen housewives, whose husbands worked for Monsieur le maire at the textile plant, had prepared a bridal feast fit for the appetites of the hungriest mountaineers.

The immediate and unforeseen problem was to transport fifty persons dressed in their best clothes from the church to the banquet hall in the only two automobiles owned in Urbès. One was a five horse-power 1920 contraption which belonged to the bridegroom; the other, a newer and more impressive machine of seven horse-power, belonged to the owner of the *estaminet* who bought it a few months after the price of a *flute* of beer had been raised from fifty centimes to sixty. The rôle of Sir Walter Raleigh fell to the bridegroom's *garçon d'honneur,* whose full dress coat became so drenched in the many trips back and forth with car and umbrella that he was obliged to eat in his shirt-sleeves, their whiteness relieved by a pair of green suspenders.

When all the *cavaliers* and their *cavalières,* and all the uncles and aunts and cousins and close friends had assembled for this first of several feasts that were to precede the honeymoon trip in the five horse-power car, the *salle des fêtes* sheltered a gathering of such international flavor as mere villages seldom experience.

Among the friends who had come to Urbès were Swiss who spoke only German, and Frenchmen who knew no other tongue than French. Some of the Alsatians were linguistically lost beyond the patois of their valley, while others of the Alsatians could converse in French and German as well as in the provincial dialect. The bride knew French and Alsatian; her sister knew English, but little French. Added to the task of seating the wedding party with some regard to age and consanguinary rank, the bride's mother thus had the added burden of foreseeing whether each guest would be able to understand his nearest neighbor. Happily for her, village weddings in Alsace are rich in the tongue-loosening influence of both wine and music.

At this banquet (no sane man would call such a repast a wedding breakfast), the bridal couple presided. The table was first laden with an infinite variety of hors d'oeuvres. This foundation was reinforced by consommé, after which each separate course had its accompanying wine, beginning with a *vin du pays* and going on from glory to glory until a great Burgundy arrived with the stuffed pig.

As the champagne was poured, each guest carried a glass to the head of the long table and clinked it against the glasses of the bridegroom and his bride. A symphony of tinkles followed as the guests saluted one another. It was then time for the pages and the flower girls, who had been content at their table with well-watered claret, to give songs and recitations. After that the grown-ups made their separate contributions to the entertainment. *Hallelujah* was demanded of the solitary American, who was compelled to improvise and invent the lyrics, if not the tune. Alone of all the auditors, the English-speaking sister of the bride probably realized that "Hallelujah, Boola, Boola," had never emanated from Broadway.

Late in the afternoon there was a pause in the music. The doors of the hall were opened and in walked the ten dignitaries of the municipal council. Again the bridegroom's father ceased to be merely Papa and became Monsieur le maire.

Le Tigre, when he saw the councillors go to a table set apart for them, leaned to a sympathetic ear and whispered:

(Please Turn to Page 157)

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▶▶ Eighteen Hole Lottery ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

YOUR BRITISHER has a soft spot in his heart for lotteries. Religiously he buys his tickets for the London Stock Exchange or Calcutta sweepstakes on the Derby, euphemistically calling these gambling ventures "investments."

He carries this passion for chance taking into his sports. The British amateur golf championship illustrates this point very aptly. It is decided under conditions which, to a considerable extent, discount skill and smack of a glorified lottery.

For some days, Bobby Jones has been practicing at old St. Andrews, brushing up his shots for the one major golf title which still eludes him. Atlanta's golfing robot has captured four American amateur titles, three American open events, and two British open championships, but he has still to wear his first British Amateur crown. Jess Sweetser, and Australian born Walter Travis, are the only "outlanders" ever to storm Britain's amateur golf citadel.

Lloyds of London, which will bet you on anything from rain to famine, lays odds of fifty to one against Jones' chances of winning golf's four major championships during the 1930 campaign.

Those who bite at this enticing parley, should realize that Bobby's first hurdle —the British Amateur which starts May 26—is apt to prove his most difficult obstacle.

Theoretically, the British amateur title should be the easiest of the four championships to win, since it is within reach of a second-flighter, but actually it is the hardest as far as Bobby is concerned.

Let me explain this paradox. Although a calibre of golf insufficient to lead a great medal field is frequently good enough to win the British amateur title, the leveling conditions under which it is staged tend to offset superlative talent such as Jones'.

If, for instance, the British amateur were decided at seventy-two hole medal play, Bobby Jones would be an odds-on favorite against the field. With every mistake penalized in terms of strokes, his superior shot-making ability would have a fair chance to tell over that long route. Unhappily for Bobby, the British amateur championship is a luck-ridden free-for-all, a helter-skelter scramble wherein the fair to middling golfer has a better chance of surviving than his degree of skill warrants.

To begin with, there is no qualifying round to weed out the sheep from the goats. The entire, unwieldy field, nearly a hundred strong, starts cutting each other's throats at match play on the 26th, the elimination by "sudden death" continuing throughout the week. Each contestant is required to play two eighteen hole matches daily, one in the morning and the other after lunch. All matches are decided at the fluky single round route except the finals, which, incongruously enough, is at thirty-six holes.

The controversial eighteen hole match, golf experts agree, does not provide a fair or conclusive test of relative skill. Luck, a tremendous factor in a game that has all out of doors as its theatre, does not even up over so short a route.

To survive the sequence of eighteen hole matches that lead to the British Amateur title, a golfer must be lucky as well as skillful. Jones' normal scoring range varies from seventy to seventy-six. Occasionally he bags a sixty-eight; once in a while he so far forgets himself as to take a seventy-nine. Now, there are at least thirty men in the British Amateur field who can score a seventy-two or seventy-three at intervals. In an eighteen hole orgy, Bobby is apt to bump into a second rater (I use that term in its relative sense) who is on a scoring spree. If Jones happens to be a bit off form that particular day he is eliminated by a player he could trim nine times out of ten.

At eighteen holes, a fast start is vital. A premium is placed on getting the jump. The slow starter is apt to be beaten before he strikes his stride. As Bobby Jones says—"you run out of holes too soon."

To be three down at the ninth green of a thirty-six hole match is nothing to worry a Bobby Jones. Reassured by the conviction that his high-flying adversary will come back to him, Jones goes along serenely, playing his game. To be three down at the turn of an eighteen hole match is quite a different affair. Such a deficit looms like Mt. Everest; is enough to unsettle the most cocksure competitor, and distort his tactics. Straightway he begins to press, attempts neck-or-nothing gambles, convinced that only desperate measures can pull him out of so deep a slough.

Bear this in mind. One soggy patch of golf, a few foozled shots or unlucky breaks, may spell disaster in an eighteen hole sprint. Let Jones get off on the wrong foot and some unknown, catching the vagrant spark of inspiration, may play above his head and keep Bobby in chancery.

CYRIL TOLLEY, the holding champion, defends the eighteen hole match in this vigorous vein: "A golf links has eighteen holes. Why isn't it logical therefore, to limit a match to one round of the links? If you're going to increase the distance arbitrarily, why stop at thirty-six holes?

"An eighteen hole match fosters concentration, stresses the importance of each shot, penalizes slip shod, slovenly habits. You've got to bear down hard on every stroke. Every hole is crucial. There is no chance to let down or relax. This adds spice to the contest, an exciting flavor which stimulates competitors and holds the gallery's interest. A thirty-six hole match tends to drag. It is monotonous to watch and tiresome to play. The man who wins at eighteen holes is usually good enough to win at the longer route, but even if luck doesn't balance up as often at eighteen holes, I favor a sporty, mettlesome test which gives the under dog a fighting chance. Luck and golf are inseparable."

Tolley's arguments sound convincing, but if the eighteen hole match is so satisfying, why are the finalists in the British Amateur required to play off at thirty-six holes? Here is an anomalous inconsistency that seems typically British. It is as though the solemn Royal and Ancient governors said: "Come now, this lottery business has gone far enough. Let's make a real effort to discover which of these two survivors is the better golfer."

In a nutshell, the British make it as hard as possible for the superior golfer to demonstrate his class. "Let the best man win—if he can" is their motto.

Americans, conversely, make every effort so to arrange conditions that the best golfer will have every chance to prove his mastery.

That is why the "easiest" of the four major golf titles is the hardest for Bobby Jones to win.

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▶▶ Russia Goes to the Movies ◀◀

By ZELDA F. POPKIN

THE GENTLE mooing of an abstracted and not quite contented cow lured Mr. and Mrs. Tavarish into the motion picture theatre that night. They weren't, as a rule, amusement seeking folk. A serious book sufficed ordinarily for evening's pastime. But a wary propagandist had brought them into the theatre by the stratagem of an exhibition of blooded cattle from one of the state farms, which he had for the nonce housed despite bovine protestation, under the roof of the cinema itself. *The General Line* was then, they conjectured, not just idler's amusement, not merely a narcotic for the burdens and troubles of the day. It was, they were brought to realize, serious study produced in the interest of agriculture as a progressive science and for the furtherance of man's enlightenment. Mr. and Mrs. Tavarish paid their fifty kopecks and sat before Eisenstein's masterpiece. They liked it well enough for the most part, but here and there they felt that the master of the silent screen had become too emotional, and had failed therefore to achieve the stern purpose which they conceived to be his. The reactions of Mr. Tavarish himself were so keen that he was impelled to let the managers of the theatre, and the rest of the comrades who had come to see the show, know how he had felt. He took his pencil and scrawled on the whitewashed walls his spontaneous unsparing first night criticism of a film masterpiece. He had to stand on a bench to reach a clean bit of wall space, for other members of the audience had come ahead of him and had filled the wall with their comments about this film and its predecessors, for all passers-by to read.

The wall-newspaper, by means of which this audience expressed its opinions, freely, frankly, and sometimes none too mercifully, is one of the unique institutions of Soviet Russia. It exists in all manner of offices, factories, and establishments. It is the worker's way of saying what he thinks, emphatically, and inescapably, of blaming or praising. In connection with the film industry, it has proven of especially high importance, for it has furnished an infallible gauge and analysis of public interest in the step by step evolvement of a new cinematographic art.

All other kings having been swept into the refuse heap, reality is royalty in Russia today, and the cinema is its right hand. In the crucible of the laboratory that is Soviet Russia, a new social order is being crystallized. Simultaneously, and so that a higher end may be attained, equally far reaching changes are being wrought in theory and presentation of the cinema.

The motion picture, the Russians declare, is science's greatest gift to hapless humanity. One time it might have been said that if books and music, theatres and pictures, magazines and daily papers, if literature and song and art had been taken away, life would have become unbearable. Today, all these other cultural devices with which men and women have been wont to find surcease from reality, might be dispensed with, and after a time would be missed by only a very few. But the motion picture is something else again. To millions of men, women and children the world over, life consists today of eating, sleeping, working and going to the movies.

That the screen offers mankind escape from himself, from his disappointments, degradations, inferiorities, needs no reiteration here. The man's wife may be dull and ugly, but beautiful women smile upon him at the cinema. And that same wife to whom her husband's caresses are repugnant, is thrilled to [illegible]narrow when a John Gilbert emb[illegible] Greta Garbo. The world's day m[illegible]y be a shuttling back and forth between drab home and dirty workshop, through mean and ugly streets, but the screen is a magic carpet. It sets him down in palaces and in broad green fields. The motion picture is the world's narcotic lulling its discontent.

THE MINDS behind the Russian cinema refuse to believe, however, that the screen's function is solely that of a nurse quieting dissatisfied humanity. They insist that her cradle song may turn into a bugle call, her cap into a copper helmet, that the screen is charged with social gun powder which can, as easily as it lulls a populace, arouse it into a turmoil of seething passion, turn it even against itself.

There is, the minds behind the Russian films further maintain, no such thing as a free emanation of creative artistic genius. There is, they insist, no such thing as artistic freedom. In the cinema especially, innovations in motion picture production—in themes, methods, techniques—are not contributions of the artist. They are, rather, dictated by the Social Order. The artist, they say, merely shapes the ideas that belong to the society in which he lives. Every film originates in an economic group, and its origin depends on acute social needs.

In modern Russia there still remains the old type of theatregoer, a hangover from the pre-revolutionary days, who craves "bourgeois" romance and Western manufactured plots. His number is, however, dwindling before the increasing numbers and articulateness of the new theatregoers, who are workers, actively building the Soviet state. Their demand, since it has as well the approval and reflects the attitude of the state itself, is the one which is being listened to these days. The cinema demands of the Russian workers reflect his changing taste. The old ordinary love dramas no longer satisfy him; nor do historical films that are mere costume pageants. He wants on the screen analysis of human emotions, all emotions, and not just that of sex. He wants to see the driving force of history rather than the pomp, and above all he craves facts; facts that will help him to improve the conditions of his life, facts that will set him before a wide window through which he may watch the reconstruction of his country. Facts. Facts. Knowledge. Information. Art, as something entertaining, art apart from reality, has no value for him. He goes to the movies to be stimulated and motivated rather than thrilled, to become acquainted with reality rather than to be removed from it.

In the United States the cinema is taken seriously only in Hollywood. To the millions of moviegoers throughout the states it is simply a means of amusement. Hence the producers' task is comparatively simple once he has learned the formula that wraps long queues of standees about the box office—sex appeal plus human interest, plus costumes, served by the press agent with liberal garniture of artificial coloring matter and a sprinkling of famous names. But all of Russia takes the movies seriously, as indeed everything is taken seriously in the land of the Soviets. The cinema has become there the government's fore-

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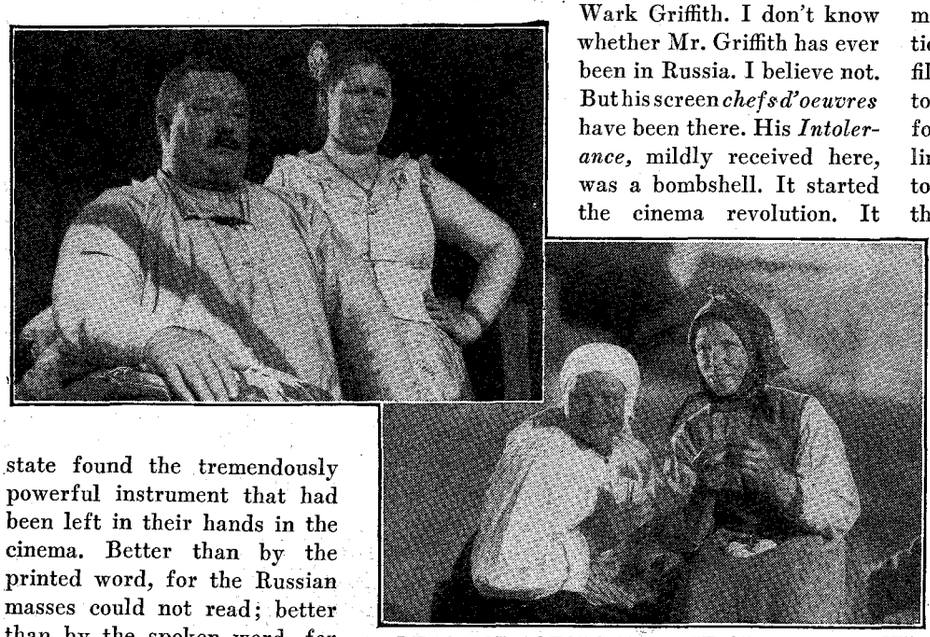
most medium for mass education, for social propaganda and mass motivation. Taken seriously by theatregoers, it on another hand enjoys the conscientious study of scientists, technicians, artists, and of the best minds of the state.

After the October revolution twelve years ago, the builders of the Russian state found the tremendously powerful instrument that had been left in their hands in the cinema. Better than by the printed word, for the Russian masses could not read; better than by the spoken word, for the same story could be told everywhere at once, repeated, and told again to posterity; education and propaganda might be impressed by the motion picture film upon the millions of newly emancipated citizens. But at the same time it became apparent that the old movie methods would no longer do for realization of the newly recognized potentialities of the cinema. There was begun the intensive research into new methods of cinematography and the study of technique, approach, and execution, which has in less than a decade turned the eyes of the world, the interest of art lovers and cinema enthusiasts toward the Russian movies, that has given the silent screen such works as *Potemkin, The End of St. Petersburg, The General Line,* and *The Man With the Camera,* that has made the names of Eisenstein, Pudovkin, and Wertoff themes for debate, conjecture and admiration.

There is, however, on all sides much talk about new Russia's phenomenal progress in motion picture production—much talk and little examination. Actually, the cinema is an infant industry in the U.S.S.R. It has been getting serious study and attention only these last ten years, and half of that time was taken up by gropings in the dark, by attempts to formulate a policy for its development consistent with Communist ideology.

By a strange escapade of circumstance, the father of the Russian movies, the man who taught the Bolsheviks to put over social philosophy on the screen, was a Hollywood bourgeois, David Wark Griffith. I don't know whether Mr. Griffith has ever been in Russia. I believe not. But his screen *chefs d'oeuvres* have been there. His *Intolerance,* mildly received here, was a bombshell. It started the cinema revolution. It taught Pudovkin and Kulishev—(the former has in turn been called "Father"). Pudovkin learned from Griffith, from *Intolerance,* from *Broken Blossoms,* from the *Orphans of the Storm,* how to give screen body to an idea, how to handle emotions as well as mobs. He learned from Griffith and then went on. He added the social viewpoint of Russia and the tricks of photography that bright young cameramen just out of technical schools were developing, to the treatment of realism that had to come to him from Hollywood.



PEASANT ACTORS IN "THE GENERAL LINE"
Most of the people in this film had never seen a motion picture camera

Pudovkin, Kulishev, Eisenstein, Wertoff, and their fellow-experimenters who at present must be nameless, because they are numerous, have made many notable advances in cinema production. These are principally ideological and technical. They have developed the art of irony on the screen, they have learned to reach minds through feelings; to present preachments through photography. They have elevated the cameraman, made him hero and main prop, rather than machine. They have subordinated the importance of actors before the all importance of the idea.

In the field of comedy they are still in the old Biograph-Keystone age, being too much obsessed with serious purpose to give the risibilities free play. Love-interest drama is still too "bourgeois." They have just started to produce "talkies" and the new cinema theatres are being equipped for the speaking films. Their greatest achievement, and so tremendous is it that it must command the world's unqualified admiration, is in the cultural and educational films. No subject matter is too complex, too difficult, too distant, too abstruse for the Soviet technician. He knows no limitation of space. The world is grist to his mill—the air, the ice, the ocean, the mountain peak, and the plain, and as he grinds the forces of enlightenment march on.

Everybody goes to the movies in Russia today, and if he doesn't go, the movies come to him. In the big cities of the U.S.S.R., the visitor is apt to be misled about the state of the cinema when he finds that actually there are scarcely more cinema theatres than there were in the days of the Romanoffs. Their prices, he finds, are lower than formerly, lower than in the cheapest film theatres the world over. The highest price charged in the most expensive theatre in the U.S.S.R. is about one rouble, but the average admission to evening performances is between thirty-five and fifty kopecks, and to matinees between twenty and thirty kopecks. But these commercial theatres, lest the observer jump to erroneous conclusions, are but the smallest part of the cinema seating capacity of the country. Russia is fairly honeycombed with motion picture auditoriums. They have been made a most important factor of the workers' clubs which have been established in every city and every hamlet. Moscow alone has four hundred such clubs and each of them has its full cinema equipment. Their prices are still lower than those charged in the commercial theatres, admission prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-five kopecks. In the villages, where prior to the revolution the silver screen was beyond the range of imagination, movie theatres have grown like mushrooms in a wet Russian summer. Far from finding it necessary to stimulate the growth of these cinema clubs, the government found that its function was rather only to regulate them, so that they would not duplicate one another. In the big cities plans are under way for large scale building of motion picture theatres, beginning in the workers' living districts. In Lenin-

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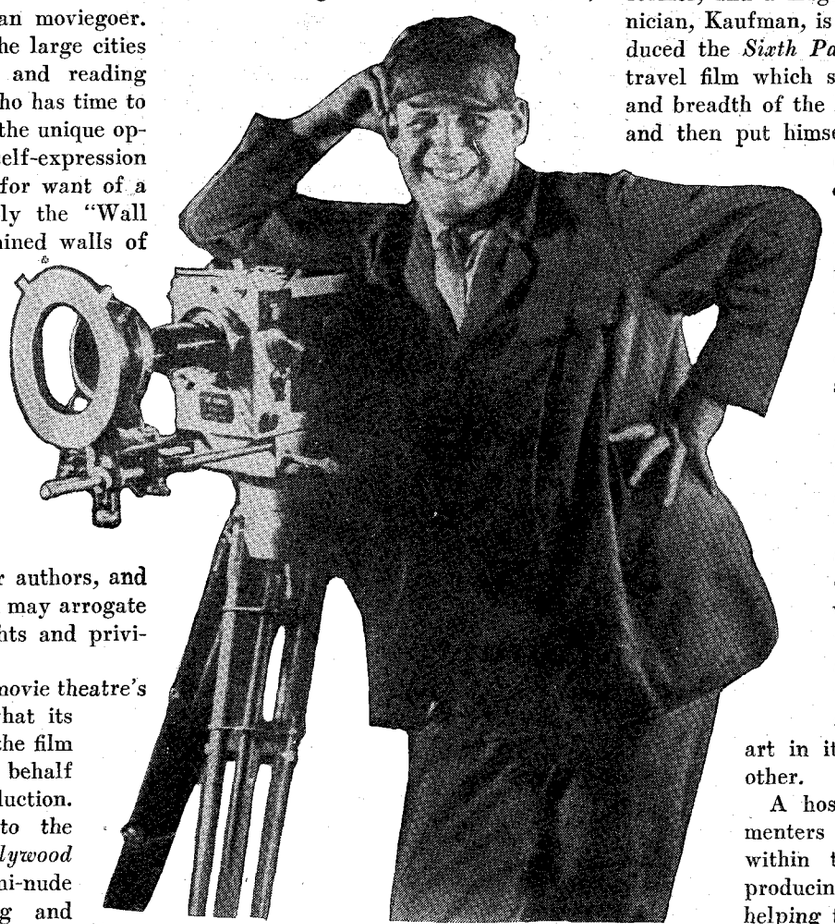
grad two such colossal auditoriums are already in operation. In capacity alone, however, do they resemble the American picture palaces. One of these is at the House of Culture at the Narvsky gate, and the other at the Wyborg Side. Their seating capacity is three thousand. Plans are under way for the building of other enormous film auditoriums, the need for which has been made apparent by the crowded condition of the existing theatres.

Within the last few years the Western theatres have added to their functions as playhouse that of a sort of community gathering place. They have gone in for elaborate lounging rooms, serving coffee and cigarettes, offering facilities for ping pong and cards, for reading and relaxation. This widely heralded and applauded innovation is not the exclusive boon of the American moviegoer. Most of the theatres in the large cities of Russia provide play and reading rooms for the spectator who has time to spare. All of them afford the unique opportunity for audience self-expression by the medium which is for want of a better name called simply the "Wall Newspaper." The kalsomined walls of the film theatre are scrawled over with penciled instances of the audience's frank opinions. These notes are usually written in the heat of momentary reaction—sometimes in the semi-darkness during the actual showing of the film. They are invariably signed by their authors, and thus each man and woman may arrogate unto himself the full rights and privileges of critic.

Unique as the Russian movie theatre's method of finding out what its audience wants to see, is the film industry's propaganda on behalf of its important production. Broadway is drawn into the theatre to see *The Hollywood Revue* by a row of semi-nude bathing beauties singing and dancing over an electric sign high above the street. The publicity department for Eisenstein's new production *The General Line,* which had its first showing last autumn, prefers cows to chorus girls. For months, interest has been developed in this new and very important film of life on the steppes, done by the author of *Potemkin,* by means of lectures on the industrialization of agriculture, by exhibits of agricultural machinery at the theatres themselves, by posters on cattle breeding and by occasional exhibitions of live stock under the very roofs of the playhouses.

Albeit the Russians insist upon taking the austerely scientific attitude toward Eisenstein and his new masterpiece, this master of the silent screen has done an epic of farm life—a story of man's struggles with the soil which is universal in its meaning and significance. In one respect, it is known, he has departed far from tradition. He has employed no professional actors for this film. Each character is indigenous to the soil, and most of them had never seen a motion picture camera before they were called upon to act before it.

Eisenstein was just a lad, with large ideas and large ambitions for the films,



Serge M. Eisenstein, director of "The General Line" and other films

when he came (he is just past thirty) to the Sovkino—the largest cinema producing organization in the U.S.S.R. His development as a figure of world renown has paralleled that of the huge film organization of which he is a part. In 1926-1927, Sovkino produced fifty-three art films and a number of scientific works; for 1928-1929 it will have to its credit sixty art films, fifty educational films and a screen news service. Goskino, Leningrad, Kino, Proletkino, and Kultkino, film organizations which at first specialized in filming revolutionary events and engagements of the civil war, are affiliated with this great central producing agency, and with the possible exception of Pudovkin, its roster of author-directors includes all the great names of the new Russian cinema.

The "Cinema Eye" movement, which is headed by Dziga Wertoff, found its origins in Sovkino in the filming of actual events. Wertoff's film radicalism dispenses not only with actors, but with story and stage props as well. He requires only a basic idea and a good cameraman. He himself supplies the former, and a magnificent young technician, Kaufman, is the latter. He produced the *Sixth Part of the World,* a travel film which surveyed the length and breadth of the land of the Soviets, and then put himself to a new, more exacting task in the creation of *The Man With the Camera,* a film exhibited with tremendous éclat in Russia, and recently brought here to endeavor to repeat its success. In *The Man With the Camera* he aimed at depth rather than breadth, at an intensive rather than extensive view of human existence. Exhibited without printed captions, the film aimed at pure cinema, divorced from stage and literature, as an art in itself relying on no other.

A host of other experimenters are to be found within the Sovkino ranks producing the films that are helping the comrades to rebuild their whole social structure. There is Kulishev, one of the youngest of the producing directors, who works with Pudovkin, and who despite his youth is looked upon as the progenitor of the whole of the new Russian cinematography. He works like a draughtsman, figures out all the possibilities of his materials, develops

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The Trend of Events

Digest Poll Ends

THE *Literary Digest* prohibition poll ends with wets in high spirits and drys in despair. Prohibition's opponents may well rejoice at the outcome—not only at the large number of ballots returned, which demonstrates the public's pronounced interest in the question, but at the whacking plurality for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, which demonstrates the public's conviction that eventually this police regulation must be rooted out of the Constitution.

Disregard the votes for modification of the Volstead act to permit light wines and beer. Then compare the votes for the repeal of the amendment with those for the continuance and strict enforcement of the amendment and the law. Estimated on this basis, the anti-prohibition victory is decisive. Count in the votes for modification, and the victory is overwhelming.

That almost all of the votes for modification belong in the wet column with those for repeal we have never for a moment doubted. Only desperate drys, converted into mental contortionists by fear for their precious Jones-Volsteadism, have had the audacity to argue that a vote for wine and beer belongs with one for strict enforcement since both are against repeal. This argument, absurd from the start, became more absurd than ever when, in its issue of May 17, the *Digest* issued its report on defective ballots marked in two squares instead of one. It had been assumed that analysis of these ballots would throw a light on the wet or dry sentiment of votes for modification. It did. What it indicated was that, since 83,147 of the 85,674 defective votes were cast for modification and repeal, as compared with 2,527 for enforcement and modification, the wets in the modification column outnumber the drys by more than thirty to one.

Wherever our dry friends turn, they find themselves confronting disaster. The *Digest's* polls are always accurate; this one is no exception. It must convince any reasonable person that, whatever the country may have thought of prohibition ten years ago, it is now heartily sick of it and anxious for a change. If voters will but register their opinions on prohibition in elections as they register them in national polls, that change will soon be here.

For a Federated Europe

MANY A STATESMAN has dreamed of a federation of European nations, a sort of United States of Europe. It remained for Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, to lay the cornerstone of such a federation "between a pear and some cheese" at a luncheon in Geneva last September. In the eight months since then Mr. Briand has been drawing up a plan which, at most, may revolutionize the course of history, and which, at least, will be hotly debated in and out of Europe for the next six months.

Keystone

FATHER OF FEDERATION
Aristide Briand, Foreign Minister of France

It was agreed at Geneva that M. Briand should forward such a plan to the twenty-seven European nations, together with a questionnaire designed to elicit their opinions of it. He did so on May 17, confining his project, however, to European countries which are members of the League of Nations and thereby excluding Russia. It was further agreed at Geneva that Briand should collect the opinions of the European states and submit a report thereon to the September session of the League Assembly. He therefore asks that all governments return their replies by July 15.

His plan, which is unexpectedly detailed and which will doubtless be closely and coolly criticized, would set up a federation of European states within the League of Nations. Hence the exclusion of Russia, or so, in effect, he says. It is founded on that article of the League Covenant inserted by Woodrow Wilson which permits "international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for the securing and maintenance of peace." Its organization, with headquarters in Geneva, would consist of a president, a committee and a secretariat. The federation, says M. Briand, would be "sufficiently supple as to respect the independence and national sovereignty" of each state, while "assuring to all the benefit of collective solidarity for the settlement of political questions involving the fate of the European community or of one of its members." Among other things it might deal with the development of a European system of arbitration and security, with Europe's endless customs walls and with international communications, credit and currencies.

The federation, if formed at all, will not be formed next week, nor, probably, next year. There is, therefore, no occasion for snap judgments upon it. Needless to say, its possibilities both for good and ill would be enormous—for good if it tended toward peace and prosperity in Europe, for ill if it stood in opposition to the three other great federations, the British Empire, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and the United States. Suffice it to say for the present that Briand has advanced an international plan of the first magnitude, quite the most important since the formation of the League of Nations.

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➤➤*To and From the City*

CENSUS RETURNS thus far published show two major population movements, from country to city and from city to suburb. The two movements therefore combine into one—from the country not so much to the city as to urban districts. While many a metropolis gloats over gains during the past decade, the borough of Manhattan in New York City ponders its ominous exodus to other boroughs and to fast-growing suburbs. For two decades Manhattan's working men have been seeking less expensive dwelling places acquired at the cost of tiresome rides on windy ferries and stuffy trains. The census returns show the drift in full continuance, producing an island workshop, to a large extent homeless save for the well-to-do and the accepters-of-anything.

To arrest this separation of workers from offices and shops, Borough President Miller has consummated an arrangement with twenty-five large construction companies. Each promises to start building within a year at least one apartment house in which rents shall be not more than twenty-one dollars a room a month, and therefore, by New York standards, within the reach of bourgeois pocketbooks. The project is soundly financed. The twenty-five constructors declare that they can profit on the rentals (why, then, have they not taken this step before?) and Mr. Miller foresees vast building along similar lines. His plan supplements that by which New York's regional planning board has sought to establish self-contained suburban units combining industries with residences. The regional plan would carry the work-shops to the bedrooms. Mr. Miller would bring some of the bedrooms back to the work-shops.

Economic logic lies with both projects when they are considered as parts of the one attempt to ease the strain of unnecessary commuting. But the force of inertia is important in the development of cities. This is shown even amid the drift from rural districts which during the past decade has produced such urban gains as 55 per cent for Memphis, 110 per cent for Houston and 88 per cent for San Diego. For, strong as is this tide sweeping country folk to town, it is not, and never in the history of industrial America has it been, sufficiently strong to depopulate the country to the degree demanded by sound economics. Only by 1910 did the urban population outnumber the rural. Since then the drift has continued, but without sufficient speed. Overproduction of farm products is one proof of this statement. Government plans for farm relief are one result. Mr. Miller and the New York regional plan provide us with examples of city relief for commuters which in many municipalities will become steadily more important.

➤➤*In India*

ABBAS TYABJI, retired high court judge of the State of Baroda, followed Mahatma Gandhi as leader of the civil disobedience campaign in India. His command was short-lived. Hardly had he announced his plans for a raid on the government salt works at Dharasana when he was arrested and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. His successor was the Hindu poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who likewise sought to raid these salt works, only to be blocked by the police. Forming a cordon around Mrs. Naidu and her followers, the police kept them sitting in the road leading to the salt pans for twenty-eight hours. Eventually, she was taken away and the raid collapsed. Other raids were more successful, and the salt so seized found eager purchasers.

Wide World

GANDHI FOLLOWER
Sarojini Naidu, Hindu poetess, a leader of the Indian Nationalist Movement

Relatively little violence attended the marches on the salt works, but bloody outbreaks nevertheless continued. An uprising in Sholapur left that industrial city largely in the control of the insurgents for nearly a week. In the end, British troops and a proclamation of martial law brought the city to heel. Arrests were made by the hundred. How far the government has felt obliged to go in the use of force was revealed when bombing planes attacked settlements on the northwestern frontier. Disturbances there not only demonstrate to what extent the agitation has spread, but stir in Britain fears of Russian Communism similar to fears in the Nineteenth Century, when Russian imperialism, felt in this quarter, constantly threatened British dominion in India.

Fortunately, force is not the authorities' sole reliance. Hopes of a diplomatic settlement are held out in the announcement by Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, that a conference will be held at London in October to which all Indian groups will be asked to send representatives. Obviously the basis for discussion will be the report of the commission headed by Sir John Simon, which has been mapping a course for India's future. The historical section of this report will be published on June 10, the recommendations two weeks later. India has been specifically promised that she will be given the status of a dominion sometime. Indian Nationalists, however, insist that definite moves toward conferring this status be made at once. If the Simon report meets their demand, they may bring the disobedience movement to an end. If it does not, they will probably carry on.

➤➤*Mrs Naidu*

PICTURE A DUSTY ROAD with fifty Indian Nationalists resting on the ground around a woman leader, who sits in an arm-chair passing the time with letter-writing and hand-spinning. Facing them is an equal number of police, armed with sticks, courteous, but determined that the demonstrators shall advance no further in their proposed raid on the Dharasana salt works. For a day and a night it goes on, passive resistance versus passive resistance. Add a good theme song—something like "Dharasana Salt Works, We Love You"—and eventually the leader of the raid and the superin-

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tendent of police might fall in love and walk hand in hand into the sunset, singing a lyric duet, "You're the Salt of the Earth to Me."

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, heroine of the raid, does indeed deserve to be immortalized, though hardly in the Hollywood manner. The daughter of a Brahmin scholar, a poetess who was the toast of England in the '90's during her student days at Girton College, Oxford University, nominal Nationalist leader during Gandhi's imprisonment—she is one of the outstanding women of modern times. She is fifty-one years old and carries her zeal for Indian independence like a torch lighted at some divine fire. She says she feels like the Maid of Orleans, but the comparison stops rather short, since Mrs. Naidu is of high caste, though she demonstrated her emancipation by marrying outside it, and has had four children.

She is a poet of considerable talent. Edmund Gosse advised her to stop imitating English classics and become a genuine poet of India and she took his advice. Her third volume of verse appeared a year ago. But independence is closer to her heart than poetry. She was the first Indian woman to seek higher education in England, at a time when higher education for women of any nationality was regarded askance. She was sent there to forget Dr. Naidu, of whom her family disapproved, and, her education completed, she returned home and promptly married him. Now that she has set herself to drive the English from India, she has probably forgotten that Arthur Symonds once compared her eyes to pools and that Oscar Wilde made epigrams in her honor. Yet perhaps not. When she visited this country several years ago in the interests of Indian independence her comment on America was, "All your women have such slim ankles."

▸▸*The Cagle Case*

Two weeks ago, Christian K. Cagle, football star, announced that, upon his graduation from West Point on June 12, he would resign from the Army to enter the bond-selling business in New Orleans and to coach the football team at the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College. The combined salaries, he said, would exceed the pay of a Major General, a rank he would be fortunate to attain after thirty-five years of service. His pay as a Second Lieutenant would, he added, be $125 a month, plus sixty cents a day ration allowance. Since this meant that for many years he would live in genteel poverty, he felt that his best interests lay in leaving the service.

All this is perfectly true, though it might be argued that Cagle knew what to expect and should not have enlisted if he felt dissatisfied with the pay. But circumstances under which his statement was issued indicate that the authorities at West Point were using it as propaganda for the bill now pending in Congress to increase Army officers' salaries. "If there were any prospects of the pay bill being adopted," said Mr. Cagle, "I would not consider for a moment submitting my resignation." Here was hint enough of where the land lay. The hint grew stronger to those who noted that Major General Smith, superintendent of the Academy, had authorized the Cagle statement and had followed it with one of his own, declaring that, "of the last five classes of cadets graduated here, at least forty-four have resigned soon after graduation, the majority for financial reasons. This means that the nation lost a number of young officers of great value."

Underwood

NOT IN THE ARMY NOW
Christian K. Cagle, former captain of the West Point football team

This brand of plugging for the pay bill naturally piqued the War Department. Probably it accounted for Acting Secretary of War Davison's cold reference to the "erroneous impression that a cadet named Cagle at the United States Military Academy would be allowed to resign." Then came the news that the young man had violated West Point regulations forbidding a cadet to marry. Cagle was thereupon asked, rather than permitted, to submit his resignation, and the case was closed.

Meanwhile, the prospects of the pay bill suffered considerably. We believe that Army and Navy salaries should be large enough to attract and hold the best type of officer. We therefore believe that this bill should pass. If Congress thinks otherwise, part of the blame may be placed on Mr. Cagle and Major General Smith. Between them, they have put a bad crimp in a good cause.

▸▸*Americans at Court*

Democracy or no democracy, America likes to look at Kings, Kings of England preferred. "It was something it will be impossible to forget and it certainly was the most beautiful sight and most awe-inspiring I have ever seen," writes Miss Carley Robinson, a Louisville débutante presented at the English court this season, reporting her experience in the New York *World*.

Undoubtedly débutantes presented at this court and at the courts of past seasons share her opinion. Moreover, few American girls can resist a sigh of envy for the honored dozen or so of their compatriots who, wearing the difficult three white plumes, achieve the rotogravure sections each year. Certainly there are few who have not the requirements of court costume by heart or who would not thrill to be measured for the regulation length train and to report to the celebrated Miss Vicani in London to be taught the curtsey. The fact that this is a highly purchasable honor detracts but little from its glamour.

Is it solely Britain's importance as a nation which makes Americans devour the slightest gossip of the English court and which makes the average American girl dream of presentation there as a climax to her social life? Probably not. There are other brilliant courts in Europe; in past generations there have been brilliant ones indeed. Then, however, as now, American eyes turned most eagerly to England. Even the bond of language does not explain the fact away.

Truth is, when all the tea had been

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dumped overboard and all the signatures affixed to the Declaration of Independence, America retained proprietary

Underwood

ATTACKS NAVAL TREATY
Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, chairman of the Navy General Board

interest in English kings. After three hundred years, we still have scarlet and gold and diamonds in our blood, which no amount of White House hand-shaking can dislodge. The tourist from Zenith or Middletown strolls, unawed, amid the dusty plush of Windsor Castle and appraises the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London with the shrewd eye of part-ownership.

Visitors in the United States find this feeling of kinship obvious. Americans, says the Frenchman, Paul Morand, in his book, *New York*, speak mockingly of "His Brittanic Majesty" and "The Prince of Wales," but, "let one be dying or the other crack his head in a fall from a horse, and they exclaim with an emotion that is an hereditary reflex: *'The King* is worse,' *'The Prince* had a serious fall.' . . . . Americans ridicule the English but they are the only Europeans whom they respect and in whom they have confidence."

▸▸*The Naval Treaty*

BACK FROM LONDON came Secretary of State Stimson, bearing a naval treaty between thumb and forefinger. He placed it in the palm of President Hoover, who sent it to the Senate, doubtless warning the bearer against picking his teeth lest he lose the poor little thing in a cavity. Surprisingly enough, the Senate did not deal with it quickly and kindly, merely regretting that there was no more of it. The Senate seized it, tossed it back and forth between two operating rooms—that of the Foreign Relations Committee and that of the Committee on Naval Affairs—and called half its best minds to protect or dissect it, with the help of eminent outside samaritans and surgeons.

Aside from members of the committees, the chief protectors were Secretaries Stimson and Adams and Admiral Pratt, commander-in-chief of the fleet. The principal surgeons were Rear Admiral Jones, former commander of the fleet, and Rear Admiral Bristol, chairman of the Navy General Board. Broadly speaking, the two objections against the treaty were that it makes too great concessions to Japan and leaves us weaker than Great Britain. Up popped the familiar argument that Britain's naval bases and her merchant marine made her our superior. Up popped, also, the familiar replies that our economic and other resources made us her superior, and that, anyway, it would be impossible to reach an agreement save on the basis of fighting fleets alone.

With this out of the way, the committees got to grips with the principal issue—whether we had not made a gross mistake in consenting to put eight-inch guns on only eighteen cruisers instead of twenty-one. It is a minor, almost a trivial point. Yet one might assume from the testimony that the fate of the nation depended on it. Admiral Pratt, to be sure, expressed himself as highly satisfied with the London treaty, six-inch-gun cruisers and all. But Admiral Jones was quite unable to understand him. Admiral Bristol maintained that the treaty did not give the United States parity with Britain, that a 5-3 ratio with Japan was necessary and that the treaty did not maintain it.

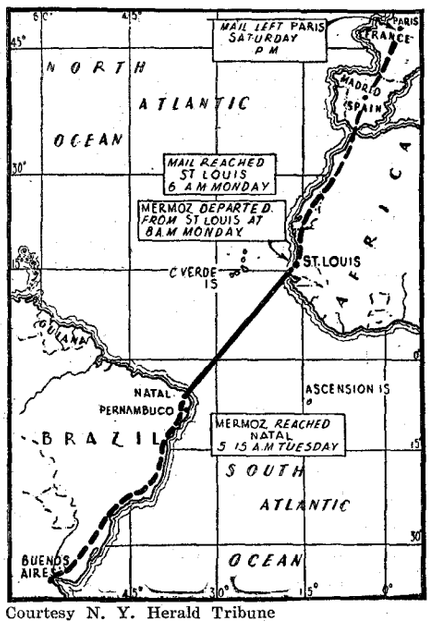
Lest any one conclude that the treaty really puts the United States at a disadvantage in relation to Japan or Great Britain, it should be noted that eminent groups of Japanese and Britons hold that it puts their nations at a disadvantage in relation to the United States. Truth is, all three countries made concessions and all won compensations. The compensation to America—parity with Britain—was by far the greatest. The London treaty, as Premier MacDonald admits, is but a nibble at disarmament, but as such it deserves ratification. If the Senate rejects it, if it shrinks from so mild a treaty as this, further hopes for arms reduction will be futile. At that rate, a real disarmament treaty would scare the Senate stiff.

▸▸*May Airmen*

PURPOSEFUL AVIATORS of three nations battled May storms between Colonel Lindbergh's opening of the shorter New York-to-Buenos Aires air-mail route on April 27 and the Graf Zeppelin's sailing last Sunday from Friedrichshafen, Germany, for Rio de Janeiro. With the storms came death for two Mexicans, defeat for a lone American and victory for three Frenchmen carrying Paris-to-South America transatlantic mail from St. Louis, in Senegal, Africa, to Sao Paulo in Brazil.

Head of the Mexican Army air service, and idol of his land since his goodwill flight to Central and South American capitals, Colonel Pablo Sidar took off from the jungle-like Cerro Loco ranch in the State of Oaxaca, near the Pacific Coast. With Captain Carlos Rovirosa as co-pilot, Sidar lifted his heavy monoplane over the Gulf of Tehuantepec, bound for Buenos Aires by way of the west coast to Santiago, Chile, and thence across the Andes. Together they dreamed of a world's nonstop distance record. Together they died when, on May 11, their plane crashed in rain and darkness off Costa Rica.

Two days later Roscoe Turner sought



Courtesy N. Y. Herald Tribune

FIRST OF THE SEASON
Solid line marks course flown by Pilot Mermoz and companions

to lower Lindbergh's lately established speed record from Los Angeles to New York. He struck headwinds over New

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Mexico, storms over Illinois, Ohio and Northern Pennsylvania. When his gas ran out over Long Island, Turner, 28 minutes, 33 seconds, slower than Lindbergh, bumped down on Curtiss Field, five miles from Roosevelt Field, his goal.

On the same day, Jean Mermoz, French war ace, landed at Sao Paulo. He and his two companions had ship-shaped their seaplane while waiting at St. Louis for the mail from Paris to South America. Their course, 1,975 miles amid rain and lightning, was the same as that set for the Graf Zeppelin. With luck and skill they bested the weather, crossed in twenty hours and sixteen minutes, and raised hopes in Rio de Janeiro of regular air service with the capital of France.

South America, closer by sea to Europe than to the States, now speculates on daily transatlantic mail service —something to offset the Lindbergh line to New York. Europe speculates too, and France, speculating, acts. But the Atlantic is tricky, the storms rage on and one spring flight doesn't make a regular schedule.

▸▸*Morrow for Repeal*

MAKE NO MISTAKE about Dwight W. Morrow's repudiation of prohibition in his address of May 15. It was not only a clean-cut but an extremely important statement. The question, said Mr. Morrow, is this: "How can the control of the liquor traffic be divided between Federal and state governments in a way that will recognize the habits and sentiments and moral principles of the people in the different parts of the country?" He replied by advocating the "repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the substitution therefor of an amendment which will restore to the states the power to determine their policy toward the liquor traffic, and vest in the Federal Government power to give all possible protection and assistance to those states that desire complete prohibition against invasion from the states that do not." He did not believe that the fundamental difficulty could be reached by amending the Volstead act. He insisted that "the saloon must not come back."

The speech revealed Mr. Morrow at his best—frank, statesmanlike, courageous. Above all, courageous. Mr. Morrow knew that he would be opposed in the Republican primary by ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, a former dry who is now a wet. He had been warned by the Anti-Saloon League that if he came out wet a dry Republican might also oppose him both in the primary and in the election. A dry running in the primary would hope to split the wet vote between Morrow and Frelinghuysen, thereby insuring a victory for himself. A dry Republican running against Mr. Morrow and the Democratic candidate in the election would hope to split the Republican vote between Mr. Morrow and himself, thereby insuring a victory for the Democrats. Since the Democratic candidate for Senator, Alexander C. Simpson, is also a wet, the drys would gain nothing by this manoeuvre save, possibly,

Wide World

SAYING IT
Dwight W. Morrow, delivering his repeal address in Newark, N. J.

the ability to control the Republican party in New Jersey, which is just what they want.

But there was more in the situation than this. Mr. Morrow may some day be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, if not in 1932, then in 1936. Advisers must have told him—erroneously, we think, but nevertheless plausibly—that a strong wet stand would ruin his presidential prospects. If so, he disregarded them as he disregarded the Anti-Saloon League, and boldly declared himself for repeal. So doing he has made himself, temporarily at least, the national leader of the strong wet wing of the Republican party.

The election of a wet Senator from New Jersey—whether he be Simpson, Frelinghuysen or Morrow—is now practically certain. A dry Republican might possibly win the nomination, but could hardly win the election. The May 15 statement is also important in that it throws all of Mr. Morrow's considerable prestige against prohibition. It will, moreover, encourage other eminent men to speak their minds as he has spoken his. It will reverberate for months to come.

▸▸*Fort Makes It Three*

FRANKLIN W. FORT, who will oppose Mr. Morrow and Mr. Frelinghuysen in the Republican primary, is the answer to the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League's prayer. From the bone-dry viewpoint he is an ideal candidate—a power in the national councils of his party, formerly secretary of the Republican National Committee, the son of a Governor of New Jersey, for six years a member of Congress, a close friend of Mr. Hoover's and often referred to as the President's spokesman in the House.

The "true motive" for Mr. Fort's candidacy is, he says, his opposition "to any return of the sale of intoxicating liquor under any known or suggested form of law or regulation." An even truer motive may be hope of bringing home the bacon while Mr. Morrow and Mr. Frelinghuysen are dividing the votes of the wets. How Mr. Fort and his supporters must love to fondle that thought. State Superintendent Shields of the Anti-Saloon League frankly exulted over Mr. Fort's formal announcement. "Fine!" he said. "Bully!" It is a neat little primary trap that has been laid for the wet Republicans in New Jersey, and one that they should avoid by voting for Mr. Morrow.

Mr. Fort indicates that, if he loses in the primary, he will not oppose Mr. Morrow in the election. Possibly some other dry Republican will then step in to perform the function of bulldozing the Republican party by electing a wet Democrat. Be that as it may, Mr. Fort's arid backers destroy his pretense of being a moderate dry. Moderate drys do not run arm in arm with the zealots of the Anti-Saloon League.

Though F. Scott McBride, the Anti-Saloon League's general superintendent, got himself tangled in his own tongue during his third appearance before the Senate lobby committee he appears to agree with Mr. Fort's contention that the dry laws permit the home manufacture of cider and fruit juices for

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home consumption. Mr. McBride calls them non-intoxicating cider and fruit juices; Mr. Fort calls them light wines. In any case, the position is untenable. Light wines worthy of the name are unquestionably intoxicating in fact, and therefore outlaws. Cider and fruit juices are supposed to be treated to keep them law-abiding. Neither Mr. McBride nor Mr. Fort provides any way out of the prohibition woods. In fact, Senator Borah, the brains of the prohibition movement, curtly dismisses Mr. Fort's panacea as nullification.

Despite the heavy contributions of the Kresge Foundation of Detroit, the Anti-Saloon League's income, as the Senate lobby committee reveals, has been shrinking year by year. In 1919 it amounted to nearly $920,000; in 1929 it had shrunk to about $265,000. Let the Republicans of New Jersey note that if they nominate Mr. Fort they will do much to restore the Anti-Saloon League's waning influence.

▸▸*Talkies Abroad*

IT APPEARS that European film producers, who have long wrung their hands at the dearth of native and the prevalence of American talkies, are on the point of remedying the situation with an American device. They are going to merge. German, French and Italian producers, it is said, have already discussed and approved the merger; they hope to persuade Spanish, Czechoslovakian and Polish film interests to join them. Such a concentration of forces would mean, presumably, that talkies could be made in six different languages, in greater numbers and at less expense.

This is by no means an anti-American move, promoters of the merger assert. Oh, by no means. Indeed, the proposed union of continental interests would aid and abet the marketing of American talkies, since it would help to popularize sound films, or something. Yet, American producers are taking no chances. Scarcely was the six-power European alliance forecast when Jesse L. Lasky, president of the Paramount Company, announced that he had made up his mind to solve the talkie problem himself. He will expand his studios in Joinville, France, and produce dialogue pictures in six languages, with casts composed entirely of the nationals of the country for which each picture is made. He expects to turn out sixty talking films a year.

If rivalry could do it, European pictures should zoom rapidly into the realm of the higher arts, for other American companies undoubtedly will follow Paramount's lead and European producers, even though merged, will meet stiff competition. But it is too soon to be optimistic. One thing, however, is certain. The familiar prediction that the advent of the talkies would spread English around the globe and make it the Esperanto of all nations will not come true. As soon as the novelty of sound pictures wore off, foreign audiences began to clamor for dialogue which they could understand. European audiences are not disposed to learn English in order to enjoy an evening at the talkies any more than English-speaking audiences, were the situation reversed, would take the trouble to learn, say, French.

Remarkable Remarks

The London naval treaty is immoral from every angle.—REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES P. PLUNKETT.

President Hoover is, of course, a very busy man. For him to go to Hampton Roads to review the fleet means a sacrifice of valuable time and energy. . . The President shows a wise sense of leadership in deciding to attend.—THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE.

Sex is a bad word.—DR. OSKAR PFISTER.

The moral is, if matrimony aids all the players like it did him, [Christian Cagle] Knute Rockne's Notre Dame team must all be bigamists.—WILL ROGERS.

Perhaps we do neglect our souls, occasionally, what with one thing and another.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

For a generation the motion pictures made in the United States have been the school of crime in every nation of the world.—REV. W. SHEAFE CHASE.

Thus far the moral forces of America have prevailed.—DR. LEIGH COLVIN.

▸▸*Psalm, 1930*

A SWARTHMORE PROFESSOR, believing that religion has become second hand and is in danger of degenerating into a matter of dreamy and sentimental quotation, has suggested scrapping the pastoral definition of God as contained in the Twenty-Third Psalm. He argues that modern city dwellers know nothing about sheep and that, to them, the phrase, "The Lord is my Shepherd," is vague and meaningless. He would substitute, as modernized verses expressing the same reverence and faith: "The Lord is my automobile's low gear to help me in climbing hard hills." "The Lord is my antiseptic in times of dangerous epidemics." "The Lord is my dynamo to charge my run-down batteries." "The Lord is sunlight bringing me health of ultra-violet rays."

Fortunately such suggestions, like all attempts to put the Scriptures into everyday English, make little headway. Whether for literary or religious or, if the Swarthmore professor chooses, sentimental reasons, most English-speaking persons continue to derive pleasure and inspiration from the St. James version of the Bible. It remains essentially unchallenged by revised versions—purposely archaic, often obscure, since older generations were not abashed to recognize that the religious impulse is based on emotion rather than reason.

Conceivably it is the function of religion in 1930 to link itself as closely and as realistically as possible to modern life. Churches are housed in hotels and skyscrapers, congregations are attracted by scare-head sermon titles and retained by club rooms and swimming pools. At least, such methods have advantages and apparently bring results. Rewriting the Bible in terms of the garage and the doctor's office, however, would be like giving the Passion Play a movie title and presenting it in modern dress. Surely, at best, it would constitute a literary crime.

▸▸*In Brief*

THOSE CHIVALROUS Texans, who burned the body of a Negro in front of a Negro church in Honeygrove, did so, presumably, to prove their repentance for the recent mob murder in Sherman. . . . President Hoover's brother, Dean Theodore Hoover of the Stanford Engineering School, is quoted as saying that "the pacifist errs in assuming that peace is desirable" but that he himself believes "in all efforts directed toward the achievement of perpetual peace." What a pity it was Herbert rather than Theodore who went into politics. . . . "Capone Host to Pupils—Fifty School Children Romp at Gangster's Florida Estate"—newspaper headline. This younger generation! How can a body keep up with it? . . . . Let Premier Mussolini shout long enough, loud enough and threateningly enough, and he may yet succeed in forgetting that France at

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her worst could probably give Italy at her best a very tidy licking. . . . "Reports that the Department of Justice is starting on a 'trust-busting' campaign," says a statement authorized by Attorney General Mitchell, "are erroneous." Even more, Mr. Mitchell, reports that the Department of Justice is starting on a trust-busting campaign are practically non-existent.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND HERBERT HOOVER to be generally regarded as the hard-luck President of the century, especially in view of the roseate predictions that preceded his occupancy of the White House. Nothing seems to be going well, and no matter what he says or does, things keep getting worse.

If he announces that the nation has recovered from the Wall Street collapse of last autumn, the stocks fall the next day. If he mobilizes his subordinates in the struggle to obtain confirmation of a Supreme Court Justice, there pops out a letter from a baby member of the Cabinet characterizing the appointment as a "master political stroke." If he asks for "limited revision" of the tariff, his own leaders frame a bill which may disrupt business and politics quite as seriously as did the Payne-Aldrick measure. If Senator Borah abandons his threatened prohibition exposé for more immediate tilts with the White House, illustrious Republicans of such important states as Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania raise the wet-and-dry issue in the field of practical politics, where it hurts more than it does in the Senate. If it seems that the London naval treaty may emerge as one of his outstanding achievements, Secretary Stimson sends that project to a bad start in his appearance before Borah's Foreign Relations Committee, and a furious row between our Navy and diplomatic representatives that was hidden by London fog comes to light in a Congressional committee chamber. Frankly, things are in a bad way at Washington.

We do not mean to attribute these reverses to presidential mistakes of judgment or execution, since we do not recall a better-intentioned Chief Executive than Mr. Hoover, even though what is known in politics and pugilism as "the punch" has been lacking in some instances. For the most part, however, the events which have created a querulous state of mind on the part of the press, the public and politicians have been quite beyond his control.

For these reasons we place a great deal of faith in reports that Mr. Hoover will make his contemplated western trip an occasion for getting in touch with the people. He hopes, we understand, to let them in on the same long-range vision of his program that prevents him from regarding these setbacks as any more than trifling and temporary. He would like to take us into his confidence and regain any good will he may have lost, through unemotional and unvarnished discussions of the problems which, in his opinion, beset the changing social and industrial order. There will be, we are informed, no sensational swings-around-the-circle, no Rooseveltian or Wilsonian appeals to the heart of America, but a simple elucidation of matters more important to him than appointments, treaties or tariffs.

Duffus in Baltimore Sun

A TOUGH SPOT

We realize that the first White-House tip-off regarding this sort of sortie was later repudiated by the same minor spokesman who gave it out, but, to our way of thinking, this was simply a diplomatic denial. As frequently happens, Mr. Hoover took fright when he saw his plans published in black and white. We can hardly blame him, since either his broadcaster or the correspondents botched the job pretty completely. The newspaper stories emphasized his concern rather than his confidence, and we understand it was thought wise to withdraw the "feeler."

The "noble experiment," we understand, still serves as the President's principal "hair-shirt," especially in view of the turn it is taking. For almost a decade the Republicans have kept this controversy quarantined within Democratic ranks, but now it is breaking out in their own.

G.O.P. politicians, we find, are horribly downcast over the New Jersey mess, where the President's good friend, Representative Franklin W. Fort, seeks the senatorial nomination as a dry, while Ambassador Morrow wants it as a wet and ex-Senator Frelinghuysen is making the motions of a modificationist.

We accept Mr. Fort's assurance that his is an individual venture, but we find few politicians who do. He may deny and deprecate until he is blue in the face, but they remain convinced that somebody encouraged him to uphold the Administration's prohibition attitude in the contest. They cannot understand why the President, as party leader, would permit three such close friends to promote or prolong useless, unintelligent struggle.

Even though Mr. Fort wins the nomination, as he may if he gets the white-ribbon support and the other two split the wet votes, it will be a Pyrrhic victory. It will, in the judgment of the politicians, antagonize the wets and alienate Mr. Morrow's influential friends in Lower Manhattan, and their spleen may be spent, not upon Fort, but upon the Administration. We do not mean to make a pre-Volsteadian pun when we record the politicians' suggestion that a "little punch" at the White House would give a much tastier flavor to the "noble experiment."

A. F. C.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

A Business Tribunal

WHEN Bernard M. Baruch told the Boston Chamber of Commerce that a "Supreme Court of Business" should be established to curb ruinous over-production he woke up the members of the It-can't-be-done Association, but thus far they have not been overly specific as to just why the New York banker's plan couldn't be made to work.

Such a court, Mr. Baruch told the Bostonians, should be an absolutely non-political trubunal. It should have no power to repress or coerce, but should be empowered to suggest and to sanction or license such common-sense co-operation among industrial units as will prevent the periodic disgorging of indigestible masses of unconsumable products. Its only punitive power should be to prescribe the conditions of its licenses and then to revoke those licenses for infringement of the stipulated conditions.

The deliberations of the court, Mr. Baruch further suggested should be entirely in the open. They should be consistently scientific, briefed in the style of an engineer's report and published freely to the world. Such a system, he concluded, would safeguard the public interest, and should be substituted for the "blind inhibitory blankets" of the Sherman and Clayton acts.

Those who are familiar with the workings of the War Industries Board will say that this plan has already had a fair trial with favorable results. While the Board was functioning, "the Sherman act went to sleep." A Supreme Court of Business might succeed in inducing a kind of sleep that knows no waking.

Color Enters Big Business

THREE YEARS AGO a dozen Negro grocers in Montgomery, Alabama, pooled their interests and started the first chain store enterprise managed by and catering to colored people. The organization, called the Colored Merchants' Association, now has stores in most of the larger cities of the country, with seventy-five in Harlem and the Bronx. The first stores in Brooklyn were opened this month and more will be added during the summer.

At a recent meeting at the Bankers' Club in New York representatives of all of the units, presided over by Dr. Robert R. Moton of Tuskegee, organized a central administrative office. In view of the fact that the colored people of the United States spend two billion dollars a year for groceries, the enterprise appears to have excellent prospects for success. It will be fortunate indeed if the C. M. A. chain helps to fulfill Dr. Moton's hope to "put the Negro on his feet as a producing and contributing citizen."

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) May 17—88.7. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) May 17—80.3.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 3—942,899 cars (increase of 35,725 over preceding week; reduction of 109,836 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended May 10—76% of capacity (reduction of .5% under preceding week and of 21.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended May 10—daily average gross 2,595,150 barrels (reduction of 50 under preceding week and of 29,600 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended May 10—1,630,000 bushels (increase of 531,000 over preceding week; reduction of 473,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended May 15—$10,584,148,000 (reduction of 16.8% under preceding week and of 16.8% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended May 15—517 (reduction of 8 under preceding week; increase of 42 over same week of 1929).

Vagaries of Business

JUDGING FROM COMMENTS made on the business oddities reported on this page several weeks ago, and the fact that Outlook readers have begun voluntarily to send in other weirdities, it seems logical to add to the chronicle:

1. That theft of a $300,000 street railway by a paving company in Ecuador.

2. That sign in Sixth Avenue, New York, which heralds the attractions of "Tombstones at Popular Prices."

3. That place in the South Sea Islands where it is almost impossible to avoid earning big money, in as much as the coins weigh at least half a pound apiece.

4. That fat Cleveland banker, whose wife, wearied with much sewing, wired a button on his vest and said, "Now see if you can laugh that off!"

5. That canyon in Montana, where trains on two railroads, going to the same destination, run parallel for thirty miles but run in exactly opposite directions.

6. That credit protective association in Germany, which was organized to safeguard its members against losses through bankruptcy and which has itself gone bankrupt.

7. That Minneapolis financial writer, who suggested to his readers that as most of them were spending six-fifths of their income, they could come out even by saving one-fifth of it.

A Boston Experiment

RELATIONS BETWEEN the employees and the management of "one of America's great stores" (this time not in Newark but in Boston) are described in *The Filene Store* (Russell Sage Foundation $2.50) by Mary La Dame. This is the fourth title to be brought out in the Foundation's Industrial Relations Series.

The Filene program has been carried forward with a three-fold objective. The business was to be made permanent; it was to produce reasonable profits; and it was to render real and continuing service to customers. These ends appear to have been fulfilled as completely as could have been expected or desired.

Other projects of the management have not come through so successfully. The Filene ideas of building up the cooperation of employees through participation in management and profits and ultimate participation in ownership have been abandoned, one by one, or at least appreciably limited in practice. The chief lesson taught by the management's experiment is the desirability of giving careful attention to the selection, the training and the good-will of employees.

There is plenty of human interest stuff in this book. Much of it has to do with the operations of the Arbitration Board, and Chapter XI, "Joe Dodge, Elevator Operator, *versus* The Management," is worth the full price of admission. If some scenario writer doesn't annex Joe, it will be just too bad.

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From Horses to Sailboats*

Harvard's Educational Experiment

By LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

AFTER WEEKS of friendly probing a tutor at Harvard came to the conclusion that a certain attractive young man recently entrusted to his charge had no real interest in anything except horses. How to make horses an intellectual interest, or rather how to make an interest in horses lead to an intellectual interest, was the problem. Since horses have played a part in history that subject was selected as the channel, and became the young man's subject for "concentration." The effect of the use of horses in history became his intellectual interest. He finally decided that horses and horse-drawn vehicles played their greatest part in England in the eighteenth century. As a result of this interest he became a candidate for honors and in his senior year wrote an exceptionally original and effective thesis on the effect upon the social and industrial life of England in the eighteenth century of Mr. Macadam and his roads as used by horse-drawn vehicles, particularly stage coaches.

President Lowell's outstanding contribution to education has been the tutorial plan which has been gradually developed at Harvard during the past sixteen or seventeen years until now it is almost universally used and approved throughout the university. At the close of his freshman year every student must select one subject for "concentration" during his three remaining years. His other subjects are called his "distribution" subjects. He is then assigned to a tutor who is a specialist in human nature as well as in his subject of "concentration," and who from then on acts as his guide, philosopher and friend not only in his subject, but in all other subjects; and, in fact, in his whole intellectual life. At the end of his senior year he must pass a general examination in his subject of concentration. This examination tests not his recollection of what he has been taught, but his knowledge of the subject. It gives the student throughout his course a definite objective toward which to travel. His tutor is always at hand to cheer him on his way and to keep him from going astray.

I COULD NOT help contrasting the effective guidance which the tutor gave the young man interested in horses with the utterly ineffective guidance which my so-called freshman advisor gave me when I was a freshman in Harvard in 1900. Under the completely unlimited elective system of the latter years of President Eliot's forty year administration, I had made up a course of study for myself which had to be endorsed by the instructor who was to serve as my advisor. This instructor was a small, anaemic looking, bald-headed, near-sighted man in the French Department. He squinted at my choices, asked me one or two perfunctory questions to which I made perfunctory replies, signed my authorization, and turned to the next student. It was obvious that he regarded the whole matter as a bore and a nuisance. The next day I passed him in the Yard and bowed to him. He did not return my bow. Either he did not see me or he had forgotten me. Although he was presumed to be my advisor for the remainder of the college year I never saw him again.

These two stories are, I believe, typical of the difference between the Harvard of my day and the Harvard of today. We enjoyed the advantages of a great university to the fullest extent, but the less tangible but no less important advantages of the small college had vanished. We had the great plant, splendid buildings, Soldiers' Field and the Stadium for our intercollegiate games, great scholars and even a few great men. But the great scholars, coming in contact with us as they did merely through the impersonal medium of huge lecture courses, were but distant and shadowy figures to most of us.

We were free through the elective system to exercise our wisdom and discretion in the selection of such subjects as most interested us and best fitted our needs. All well and good for the small minority of us who had any wisdom or discretion or any interest in any academic subject. But what of the great majority who had no such wisdom, no such interest? That great man, Dr. Charles William Eliot, our President, and the patron saint of the elective system, himself of such strong character and brilliant mind, was quite incapable of understanding the utter inability of the average undergraduate to use to advantage his elective system. To give us this great opportunity he had broken the shackles of the classical tradition which obliged every man quite regardless of his tastes, aptitudes or needs to grind through the same treadmill of Greek, Latin and Mathematics. He had given us the opportunity, but unfortunately he had been unable to give us the capacity to take advantage of it. Under the elective system as abused by us it was possible to select a group of elementary courses each year so that by the end of a four year course one had tasted an almost incredible number of academic dishes, but eaten none. One blithe friend of mine who had adopted this peculiar system said to me one morning after a hard but successful night of poker, "Stowe, what a glorious farce this so-called college education is!" A football playing acquaintance selected such a bizarre potpourri of subjects that they excited the indignant amazement of a visiting uncle. My friend's defense was, "I know it's queer, but I couldn't help it because I had to take things that wouldn't interfere with football practice."

Of course it must not be supposed that the elective system was merely a manifestation of President Eliot's personal educational views and predilections. It was merely an expression in education of the *laissez-faire* doctrine which dominated the thought of the nineteenth century. President Eliot was a believer in the teachings of Jeremy Bentham, the great English philosopher who formulated for the English-speaking world the *laissez-faire* outlook on life. He developed the "utilitarian" philosophy of life which seeks "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" by allowing each individual freedom to seek his own highest good unshackled by the traditions of the past or the regulations of the present. This is, of course, a philosophy of life in which hardly any one now believes. It was the philosophy under which the ruthless exploitation of women and children in mines and factories was defended.

President Lowell's final examinations, tutors and all his associated educational methods, are based upon a far different theory of life. The average individual

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is no longer assumed to be a rational being able and desirous of working out his own highest good, but is known to be largely irrational and neither desirous nor capable of working out his own highest good without a great deal of wise stimulation and guidance.

The general examination at the end of his college career not only gives the student a definite focal point upon which to concentrate. It is far enough away to incite an ambition to learn the subject rather than merely to go through certain processes and memorize certain facts. It is not, however, so remote as to paralyze immediate effort in the thought than an eleventh hour spurt will accomplish the purpose. In our day frantic cramming at the eleventh hour was usually sufficient to pass each course and hence one could proceed by a series of intermittent frantic efforts to pass the seventeen courses required to win the degree. The general examination by itself, however, could not be expected to produce this desirable result. It requires the steadying and stimulating influence of the tutor to keep the student on the highway of knowledge he has selected and progressing at a rate of speed which will bring him to his destination at the appointed time.

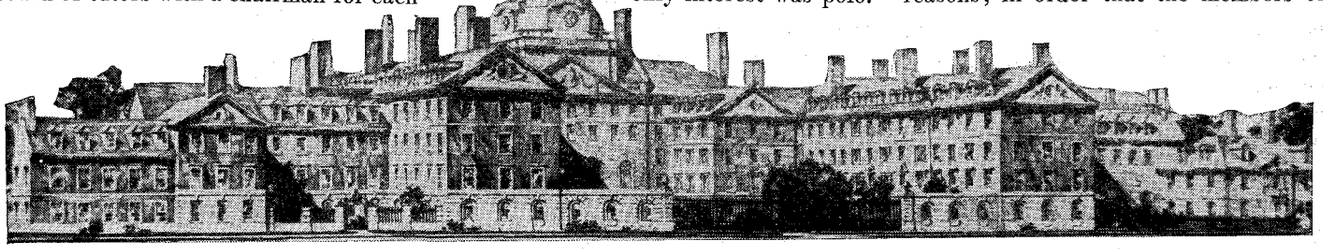
Tutoring, by the way, is a function and not an academic grade. Tutors range in grade all the way from assistants in courses and instructors to full professors and even deans. If a man does tutoring only he is supposed to work with twenty-five students. If he gives courses he has a correspondingly lesser number. It is usually found to be an ideal arrangement for a man to divide his time about equally between tutoring and course instruction. The tutors meet their students individually for the most part and usually for about an hour at a time at weekly intervals. Sometimes they meet in small groups for the discussion of common problems. The tutors arrange these matters largely in their own discretion and to meet the needs of the individuals. There is a board of tutors with a chairman for each division such as that of History, Government and Economics, or Ancient and Modern Languages, which is apt to meet at lunch each week to exchange ideas. Students who fail to keep their appointments with their tutors are not disciplined. In spite of this such engagements are now practically never broken. They appear to be regarded as appointments between gentlemen.

The tutor who successfully guided into worthy academic achievement the student who started with an interest in horses alone has developed this theory from practice. While comparatively few students have at first any conscious intellectual interest almost all have some interest which can be developed into such an interest. The only discoverable interest of one young man was sail boats. Sail boats would surely seem a far cry from any conceivable academic subject! But from sail boats it was but a short step to merchant ships, and from individual merchant ships to merchant ships collectively. This man concentrated in economics and for his final thesis made an able study of the influence of England's shipping during a decisive decade of the seventeenth century upon the economic conditions of the world. Another man had selected literature for his field of concentration. The tutor was puzzled to discover that he had not the remotest interest in literary matters. After some weeks he discovered that this young man was passionately interested in zoology. He found he had selected literature to please his polite and conventional family to whom zoology meant cutting up frogs which to them seemed an uncultural, if not indeed a disgusting, pursuit. The tutor arranged his transfer to zoology where he did not merely satisfactory but brilliant work. In my day this young man would have continued the sterile pursuit of subjects which his correct family regarded as cultural.

Another young man's only interest was polo. He successfully resisted all his tutor's efforts to arouse an intellectual interest. Even the fascination of polo was not sufficient to lead him to take the trouble to become a first class player. "He," said the tutor, "belonged to the irreducible minimum—about ten per cent of the whole number—who will fail as inevitably by one educational method as another." He had a perfectly good mind but was unwilling to put forth the necessary effort to use it.

An outstanding athlete who cared for nothing else was finally led by his tutor into an interest in banking. In this field he has shown such talent that his tutor believes he will one day become one of the outstanding authorities in banking and money. A friend of his has assured me that he derived more benefit and inspiration from his tutor than from all his other contacts and opportunities combined. He and the tutor have established a friendship that will undoubtedly be life long. These tutors are mental evangelists. They are saving men's minds. They have the zeal and enthusiasm characteristic of all real evangelists. They have to work far harder than did the teachers in my day, but they do it gladly. Also, the necessity of greatly increasing the teaching staff proportionately to the student-body means that an undue proportion of available funds has to be used for increasing the staff rather than to the increase of salaries. Nevertheless, there is not a man among them, I believe, who would give up the tutoring for more pay.

For two and a half weeks between the Christmas vacation and the mid-year examinations and for a similar period before the close of the term in June all lectures and classes are discontinued except in the freshmen courses. The students are turned loose in the libraries during these times to read and study as they will under the advice and inspiration of their tutors. These times are known as the reading periods. They were established for two reasons; in order that the members of



Paul J. Weber

DUNSTER HOUSE

One of the two first units of the Harvard House Plan, as seen from across the Charles River

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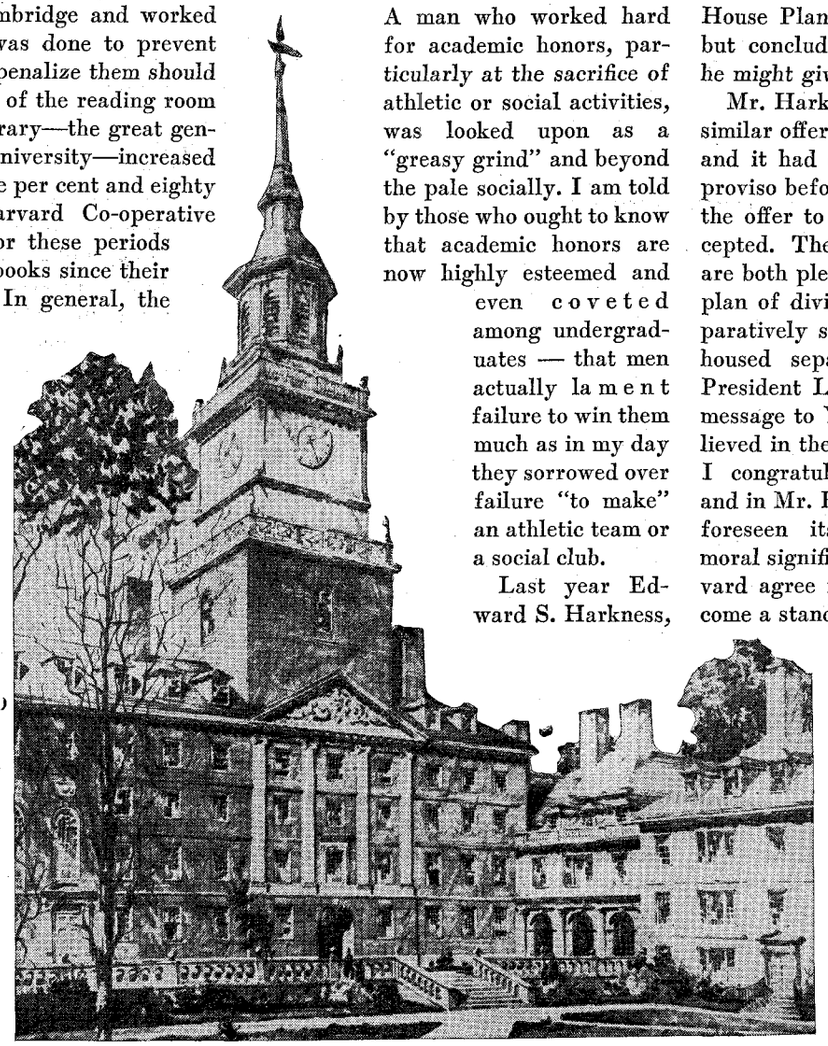
the teaching staff, for whom the tutorial work is so time-consuming, might have more time in which to do their own work; and, to develop the initiative of the students by giving them five weeks during the college year in which to manage their own time and map out their own work. Although this is the third year only in which this plan has been in operation it has already demonstrated that upper classmen may be trusted to plan and use their time wisely. The men have stayed in Cambridge and worked although nothing was done to prevent their leaving or to penalize them should they do so. The use of the reading room in the Widener Library—the great general library of the university—increased between seventy-five per cent and eighty per cent. The Harvard Co-operative Society reported for these periods the largest sale of books since their store was opened. In general, the reading period experience shows that the students may be given large freedom without danger of its abuse, and that they have both the enthusiasm and the ability to work independently.

Apart from the advantages of the general examination and the tutors to the individuals cited, there has been a material effect upon the scholarship generally. In 1923 only a little over twenty-three per cent of the undergraduates were candidates for honors. By 1928 the number had increased to over thirty per cent. The proportion of men actually attaining honors at graduation increased from about twenty per cent in 1922 to over twenty-nine per cent in 1928. The chairmen of the boards of tutors believe that a very large part of this increased achievement is due to the personal influence of the tutors. The standards are also higher among those who neither seek nor win academic honors.

In my day only about nine per cent of the students became candidates for honors. But a more subtle, and I believe a more important difference, was the undergraduate public opinion toward academic distinctions generally. So far from honors in scholarship being envied and coveted as were those in athletics, they were looked upon as almost a stigma unless a man had achieved them without apparent effort and without the sacrifice of the more highly regarded extra-curricula activities. A man who worked hard for academic honors, particularly at the sacrifice of athletic or social activities, was looked upon as a "greasy grind" and beyond the pale socially. I am told by those who ought to know that academic honors are now highly esteemed and even coveted among undergraduates — that men actually lament failure to win them much as in my day they sorrowed over failure "to make" an athletic team or a social club.



Paul J. Weber

LOWELL HOUSE TOWER

This unit is expected to be ready for occupancy in September of this year

Last year Edward S. Harkness, a Yale graduate, wrote to President Lowell and requested an appointment to discuss with him a matter which he regarded as important. President Lowell had never met him. He of course gave him the appointment. Mr. Harkness called and expressed to President Lowell his view that the effectiveness of large colleges would be greatly enhanced if they were broken up into small livable units. President Lowell not only agreed but said that he had been of this opinion for many years. Mr. Harkness asked him why, since he believed in the plan, he did not try it? Mr. Lowell replied that the expense was too great—that it would cost three million dollars even to start it. Mr. Harkness promptly removed this objection by offering to give the three millions. In several subsequent meetings he increased his gifts from three to eleven millions so that the establishment of what is now known as the House Plan might not only be started but concluded. Should it be necessary he might give even more.

Mr. Harkness had previously made a similar offer to Yale, his own university, and it had expired under a time limit proviso before its acceptance. This year the offer to Yale was renewed and accepted. Therefore Harvard and Yale are both pledged to the adoption of this plan of dividing the colleges into comparatively small groups which shall be housed separately with their tutors. President Lowell in his congratulatory message to Yale said, "Having long believed in the Quadrangle or House plan I congratulate you heartily thereon, and in Mr. Harkness' great gift. He has foreseen its intellectual, social and moral significance. When Yale and Harvard agree in such a policy it will become a standard for all colleges of their kind."

The first two houses at Harvard, Dunster House and Lowell House, are now under construction and will be ready for occupancy by the time the college year opens in the fall of this year. Since such Houses would be unthinkable without tutors Yale must of course build up a corps of tutors before she can start the plan.

Dunster House will accommodate 234 students, six resident tutors, nine non-resident tutors, and the Master of the House. The building will contain one hundred and ten single suites and sixty-two double suites ranging in price from $110.00 to $500.00 a year. Each single suite will include a study, bedroom and bath. There will be a library in the center of the house, facing the Charles River. Also there will be two comfortably furnished common rooms adjoining the dining room. There will also

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▸▸ Watching for the Rainbow ◂◂

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

BUSINESS · MEN of long experience state that they can recall no period in which the economic firmament has been searched so assiduously for signs of good weather as during the past three or four months, and that at no time have the signs been so difficult to interpret. There have been interpreters a-plenty, but they have been wrong so often that their forecasts are not enjoying the best repute at this moment. Among them are both optimists and pessimists, and both have managed in some way to be wrong. The Pollyannas have been busily denying that there is anything at all the matter with business, and the Jeremiahs have been proclaiming that before there can be real recovery the country must sit for a time in sackcloth and ashes and do full penance for its past excesses.

OFFICIAL WASHINGTON since the beginning of the year has been aggressively cheerful. Secretary Lamont was quoted early in February as saying that business conditions were "practically normal." Two weeks later he was again quoted as saying that conditions would be normal within sixty days. When the time limit on this prophecy had expired business activity was still about eight per cent below an estimated normal and in fact no nearer to normal than it had been at any time during the current year.

Early in May President Hoover took his turn at dispensing good cheer and announced to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States that "we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover." This is the first time in history, perhaps, that a President of the United States has ventured to call the turn of the business cycle, and as bad luck would have it, the stock market immediately proceeded to stage the biggest break of the year. This was, of course, a mere coincidence, but it showed the risk which one encounters in a time like this if he discusses the immediate future with any degree of assurance. Mr. Hoover rendered the country a wonderful service last year when he set up his stabilization machinery after the Wall Street panic. Without this the recession in business would probably have attained more serious proportions; but the business cycle is no respecter even of Presidents and to attempt to prescribe a fixed time for the resumption of full activity is a bold but hazardous undertaking.

As to the stock market, once generally looked to as the harbinger of coming economic changes, it not only acted in disregard of the President's proclamation of prosperity, but it manifested complete indifference to other events of fundamental importance to business. It ignored, for example, the reduction in the discount rates made simultaneously by the Bank of England, the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Normally, such a combination of developments conducive to a better business psychology would have stirred speculative activity to fever heat. This time it was followed instead by a bear raid on the market. It is evident that those who continue to regard the stock market as a reliable barometer of business should promptly revise their opinions. The course of the market during the current year reveals little tendency to anticipate business developments. It has merely reflected the operations of a group of professional speculators with access to huge funds with which to inflate the values of their favorite stocks.

A further difficulty in interpreting the signs is encountered when one follows the customary practice of comparing the statistical data of recent months with those of the corresponding periods a year ago. Conditions twelve months ago were considerably better than normal, and a comparison of that period with the present, unless due allowance is made for that fact, is likely to create an exaggerated idea of the recent recession. Again, a comparison of the data of certain lines of business has been made difficult by the late Easter of this year. Last year Easter came in March and of course gave a stimulus to the retail trade of that month. This year it came in April, and so the data for March, 1930, show both the effects of the general recession and the absence of the Easter trade. A comparison of March trade figures for 1929 and 1930 thus operates unduly to the disadvantage of the current year.

On the other hand, the situation is completely reversed when comparisons are made between April, 1929, and April, 1930. This year April had the advantage of the Easter trade, and April a year ago did not. Consequently data of sales by chain stores, which are beginning to be published as these lines are written, show that April business was better this year than last. Some commentators are already citing these figures as proof that business has returned to normal. The figures show nothing of the kind; they are really not comparable unless in each case they are averaged with those of March, so as to register the effects of Easter.

These facts are cited to indicate the need of caution in interpreting the signs for which business men are so eagerly watching. Failure to take the complications fully into account may explain why the many forecasts of full recovery during the first quarter of this year went wrong. Nevertheless, the most cautious observers are now becoming increasingly hopeful. Current statistics, it is true, do not yet point to any very definite change for the better. There was some improvement in March and April, but this was hardly a full response to seasonal influences. With the approach of summer the spurt of spring activity may spend its force, and it would be only the usual course if the indices for some lines of business should drop back a bit.

YET SUCH DEVELOPMENTS should not be regarded as grounds for pessimism. The further we get away from last year's feverish activity — something which we now realize was rather too strenuous to be healthy—the more we are able to realize that business conditions, despite the slower pace, are in fairly good shape. The more we are removed in time from the events of last autumn the nearer we are in time to the long-awaited day of complete recovery. Meantime, business leaders will continue to watch the skies for signs of the fine weather which one of these days is bound to arrive. Some of the things for which they will keep closest watch are indications of improvement in freight-car loadings, motor-car production, building contracts awarded, and indices of employment, payrolls and prices. These mean vastly more today than do fluctuations in the stock market. And there is no use in paying the slightest attention to the professional Pollyannas or the jaundiced Jeremiahs.

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▶▶ Dirt and the Tourist ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

TUNIS, FRENCH NORTHERN AFRICA.

THE French are tolerant of many things, including dirt. France is a land full of charm and odors. There is sanitation in France, to be sure, also street-cleaning, but one feels, somehow, that they are there not because the French like them for their own sake but because they are so fashionable nowadays. One cannot help wondering whether a French street-cleaner does not sneak back, under cover of darkness, to the scene of his labors in order to restore to each street the dirt he has removed from it, just as thieves, suffering from acute twinges of conscience, sometimes make restitution of stolen goods.

This being so, the French get along very well with the natives, in those portions of the Orient where they have planted the French flag. Their half-hearted attitude toward the removal of dirt fits in very well with Oriental prejudices. The average Oriental will do almost anything rather than wash. If he were told that heaven was a place of porcelain tubs and running water, he would drop to his knees, in a panic, and pray to Allah to be allowed to go to hell.

The French, though much cleaner than the Orientals, have a sneaking sympathy for the Oriental attitude in this matter. Algeria is a model colony, but a dirty one. Tunisia is prosperous but smelly. The city of Tunis is an excellent place for the study of how two essentially different brands of civilization can get along harmoniously side by side, but the student, if he pursues his studies beyond the most elementary stage, must do so with his hand to his nose.

Beggars in filthy rags still sit on the sidewalks of Tunis asking alms of the passerby; some of them show repulsive sores, hideous marks of disease—largely due to their unsanitary surroundings. Blind people, people with one eye, are encountered on every hand—a sign of lack of medical care. The visitor to the "souks," or native markets, is assailed on all sides by variegated and unattractive odors. In wet weather, he picks his way through narrow passages, amid pools of foul-smelling mud; in dry weather, he inhales millions of particles of a dust that seems fraught with every disease in the medical calendar. Only in "the street of the perfumers," to which all visitors to the "souks" repair, is the atmosphere of foulness replaced by the sweet scent of flowers. But, though the unwashed courtiers of Louis XIV. were "très bien parfumés," the modern citizen of French Tunisia is not. He may buy perfumes, but you wouldn't notice it. Outside the "street of the perfumes" the nasty smells of Tunis, emanating from man and beast, street and alley, close in on the visitor from all sides, while the French officials sniff them unconcernedly and go on with their work of governing the Tunisians with a maximum of toleration and a minimum of soap.

AND THAT BRINGS one to something which, in Tunis, becomes particularly noticeable—the eternal conflict between what the average tourist wants and what he thinks he wants.

Discoursing at home in Akron and New Bedford and Kalamazoo and Atlanta, he paints himself as a lover of the picturesque, the different, the quaint. He yields to the urge of travel—so he tells stay-at-homes listening with bulging eyes—because he *must* get art into his barren life, because he *must* pierce to the soul of foreign peoples, taking them exactly as they are, deploring every concession made by them to the leveling spirit of modern times. Does he want to go where tourists go? Never! Does he crave what tourists crave? Not he! At the thought of the average American abroad his face gets red and his language profane.

In reality, though, what he wants is a porcelain bathtub. Art, to him, is subordinate to soap; picturesqueness is all very well, but hot and cold running water are much better. Wherefore he raises such an infernal row on his travels that porcelain bathtubs follow, by the hundred, in his wake, and hot and cold running water gush forth in gallons from mysterious places deep down in hotels which, before his advent, were as waterless as Sahara. At his imperious behest, quaint foreign thoroughfares are cleaned up, picturesque foreign towns brushed and curled and combed, until they are scarcely to be distinguished from Akron and Kalamazoo. Street-cleaners, overcoming their keen desire to let sleeping dirt lie, remove it by the cartload (doubtless with tears in their eyes) and dump it where it will be seen (and smelled) no more. Then they and all the rest of their fellow-citizens sit back expectantly waiting for the tourist rush from America.

But—here comes the paradox—the tourists fail to rush! There seems to be an iron law that where there is dirt there is quaintness, where there are smells there is picturesqueness. And the tourist, though what he really wants when he goes abroad is bathtubs, cannot afford to acknowledge it.

In Tunis, he may get nauseated in the "souks," he may clamor for cleanliness and eventually get it, but—by the inexorable laws governing foreign travel—as soon as he gets it, it behooves him to cross Tunis from his list of foreign places to be visited, and rush off to some other town—quaintly unclean, picturesquely unwashed—there to inveigh against the authorities because they don't clean up the mess. And thus it goes—in a vicious circle.

SO THE FRENCH may be wise, after all. They have the reputation of thinking more deeply than most people. They like tourists, they don't dislike dirt. Deceived temporarily by the clamor of the armies of visitors from America for baths and soap and general cleanliness, they have been persuaded to clean up Paris and the rest of France a bit, to introduce bathrooms in a land where perfumes used to suffice—and thereby they have eliminated much of France's picturesqueness and incurred the wrath of those very foreigners whom they set out to please.

May it not be that, having done some deep thinking, the French have resolved not to make the mistake in French Northern Africa which they have made in Paris; to cater at once to Oriental prejudices and American tourists by leaving African smells and dirt untouched. Perhaps they visualize a dreadful future when Paris, a Gallic Spotless Town, will no longer attract Americans; perhaps they foresee a day when the last place in the French domain upon which American tourist dollars will pour is Tunis.

Who knows? Anyhow, be this as it may, if smells are quaintness and dirt picturesqueness, Tunis is one of the most quaintly picturesque places in the world!

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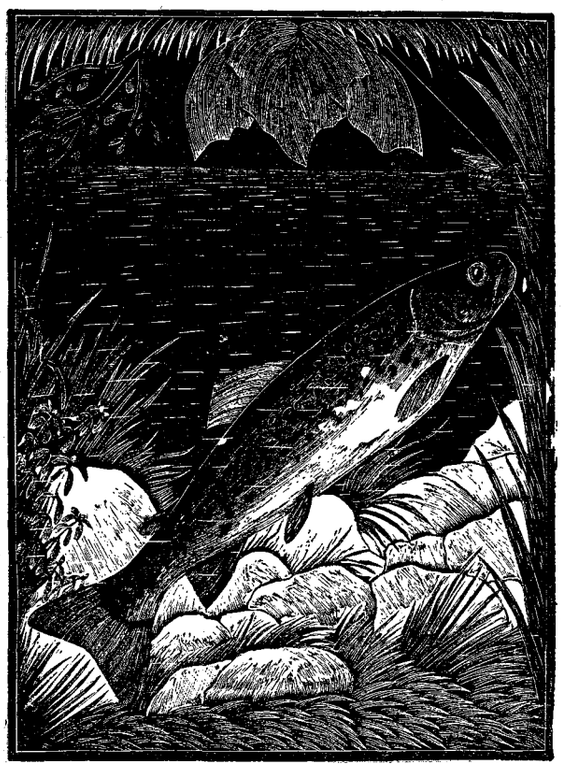
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

NOW THAT the art of letter writing has all but vanished and the substitute for the diary, where anything is substituted, is the Line-a-Day, we must expect that our grandchildren and beyond will know very little about us. They will no doubt have phonograph discs, and talking films may be preserved for their edification. But if these record from us such gauche banalities as they do from our baseball players, ex-presidents and distinguished visitors, we might better see them destroyed before we die. Not so do fare those fluent diarists and letter-writers of the past whose lines, calculated or extempore, set before us the times in which they lived and how they felt about them. *Mary Gladstone: Her Letters and Diaries* edited by Lucy Masterman (Dutton $6.) is entirely delightful. This was Gladstone's daughter, whose position brought her unusual friends and whose character kept them. Born in 1847 and dying three years ago, she knew almost everybody of political and social importance in England during that period, and she lived through the decay and violent death of one age, and the birth of another. From the records of her earlier years the whole structure of her social group—a structure which had been substantially the same for centuries—can be seen and grasped. Through the later ones, we can follow its slow but steady change. As Mary Gladstone, the diarist was an observant, friendly child and girl; as Mrs. Drew, she was the inquisitive and outspoken woman. She knew about almost everything, had ideas about it and expressed them. There is less actual literary merit in her own writing than there is in the admirable explanatory paragraphs by which the editor keeps the narrative flowing. But the diary and the letters have that great and increasingly rare quality, gusto. We venture to predict that everyone who starts this book will finish it.

The most thought-provoking book of the week, so far as we are concerned, is *The Greek Way* by Edith Hamilton (Norton $3.), an interpretation of Greek life, art and thought and an application of the Greek ideal to our modern life. If you are giving a thought to Humanism, these days—and who is not?—you will find much in this book to help you. For the Greeks, whose watchword was "Moderation in All Things" were the first humanists. Study their way a little, go on from that to the way of the fifteenth century humanists, among whom Erasmus is the greatest single figure, and you will be better able to understand what Professor Babbitt and his less lucid followers mean. Edith Hamilton writes with perfect simplicity and clarity. Of the separate chapters of her book, that on Aristophanes and comedy is perhaps the most entertaining. But the book is delightful reading throughout—and good sound sense, too. Of the greater writers who have discussed the Greek way of life and thought, none has expressed himself in a manner more likely to appeal to the common reader. The atmosphere of ponderous erudition which hangs over the usual work of scholarship on the Greek period, is absent from Edith Hamilton's book. There is one curious omission from her book, however. In her questions as to the reason for the Greek "miracle," she does not mention *one* possible answer. Ethnologists tell us that the Greeks came down from the North. In all the history of the world as we know it they were the first northern and western people to reach the Mediterranean basin. They were the first nordics to be fertilized by that fountain of life.



Woodcut by Eric Fitch Daglish in a new edition of "The Compleat Angler" (Dutton)

Emily Easton has written an excellent objective biography of *Roger Williams* (Houghton, Mifflin $5.) to meet the need for an authentic and easily read book on the founder of Rhode Island, and to celebrate the Tercentenary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony of which he was an important, if a somewhat troublesome, member. The book will please especially those who like their biographies to be easy reading, and who prefer their historical to their psychological aspects. The record of the godly pioneer of religious liberty, the friend of the Indians, the successful statesman, is compiled from contemporary sources, and, indeed, largely from Roger Williams' own writings. Its value is, furthermore, enhanced by a sixty page introductory chapter on the London of Williams' boyhood, which serves to give him a solid background, and by clear and brief descriptions of such important factors of that background as the Bacon-Coke controversy—(Coke was Roger Williams' patron)—, the non-conformist persecutions, and the English experiences of the great adventurer—developers of America.

Whatever else Charles Edward Russell may be—and he has always been an industrious writer and here shows himself a careful scholar—he is certainly no stylist. In *Charlemagne, First of the Moderns* (Houghton, Mifflin $4.)

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his writing is as humdrum as his subject is unusual. If the reader will accept the second part of the book's title as simply an attempt to lend timeliness to a subject which actually has little, he will find in the book a careful account of Charlemagne's reign, developed from a sceptical study of the Charlemagne hagiology and from a sympathetic study of the more reliable sources and recent criticism of them. Surely Charlemagne was not only over-lord of Roland and Oliver, he was also an extremely able man, born out of his time so far as his vision and intellect were concerned. His efforts at national unity, although they were negated by his immediate followers, set up an ideal which was not forgotten, and his educational and humanitarian schemes bore fruit, if very slowly. But to say, as Mr. Russell does in his preface, that "no other figure of antiquity means so much in so many ways to the modern world as Charlemagne" is stretching things a bit. Mr. Russell's book gives a very fair picture of a chaotic period and of the one man in it who moved to evolve order out of chaos.

The Little Review, that much praised and much vilified magazine which lived to considerable purpose and died in its proper time a few months since, is celebrated in *My Thirty Years' War* by Margaret Anderson (Covici-Friede $4.). This book is a long autobiography of the author, although ostensibly it is a series of sketches, amusing, often malicious, of the notable or merely conspicuous people with whom she came in contact. Miss Anderson appears from the book to be one of those clever exhibitionists who claims to be fighting for the freedom of the artist and who is actually only exploiting her own ego. It was not nearly so much ideas as personalities that interested her. One feels that an artist who did not please her would have had little chance with her magazine; and that, when she did secure a hearing for great talent, as she often did, it was an accident. To say this, however, is by no means to question the value of the work which *The Little Review* did. Its career of yeoman service is entertainingly recorded in *My Thirty Years' War.* Furthermore, many of Miss Anderson's literary criticisms are acute and independent.

Africa from Port to Port by May Mott-Smith (Van Nostrand $5.) is the typical alert traveler's tale of a two years trip all over and around Africa. The adventurous woman who made the trip carried with her a background of culture, an eye for both the beautiful and the curious, and a good sense of humor. So that her record of her experiences is above the average of travel books in its readability. It is well illustrated. The *Memoirs of the Comte de Grammont,* one of the source books on the social aspects of Restoration England, and a book of endless charm and entertainment, is issued in a new translation by Peter Quennell, with an introduction by Cyril Hughes Hartmann (Dutton $5.).

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Spring Poetry

You might think that Rachel Field in her New England narratives, *Points East,* (Brewer & Warren $2.) had been reploughing Frost's deep furrow, were it not that what she turns up is so different. Frost makes reality strange, while she deals with strangeness as if it were real—the strangeness that comes home with men from sea. For this is not inland, but Maine coast and islands, and it is old, incredibly convincing tales she tells of the turning of "lives to legend," as she says in a short poem at the beginning. It is a fine, sturdy book, the four narratives bound together with lyrics and illustrated by woodcuts, from early American and English chap-books.

As exquisitely creative and critical an anthology as has been made lately, is Mina Curtiss' *Olive, Cypress and Palm, an Anthology of Love and Death* (Harcourt, Brace $2.50). In a foreword, as pointed and feathered as an arrow, she says that she has excluded poems of any writer born after 1850, since then "a definite change in attitude toward death, and consequently in elegiac poetry, took place. . . ." and death "ceased to be felt and thought of as concomitant with life, as a part of the continuous pattern of human experience, as a culmination." The work of selection and arrangement is unerringly distinguished and discriminative. Some obscure poems which have lain under their writers' famous names like flowers under tombstones, are resurrected here; nor has she been afraid to quote all of "Lycidas" and "Adonais."

Hart Crane's *The Bridge* (Liveright $2.50) runs through American history from Columbus to the subway, with the Brooklyn Bridge flinging above all into some Unknown. I do not question the publisher's statement, "No poem written since Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* expresses a more inclusive scope or loftier intention." Crane's work is full of vision and ideas. But he does not, for the most part, make them into poetry, into the unforgettable and inevitable.

Helene Mullin's verse is honest, admirable, and wise—at least, if youth is

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. A delightful romantic novel, enriched by good characterizations and an ample, vivid eighteenth century setting. Reviewed April 23.

The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with a startling denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.

The Selbys, by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their southern niece in Paris provide gay and witty light reading. Reviewed April 16.

The Party Dress, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. A tawdry story of the amours of middle-age by an author from whom we have the right to ask better things. Reviewed April 16.

Non-Fiction

Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau: Harcourt, Brace. The last broadside of a great journalist-statesman. Reviewed April 23.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. The absorbing and romantic autobiography of a famous doctor, an eccentric character and a great soul. Reviewed May 21.

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

Mata Hari, by Thomas Coulson: Harper. Detailed account of the career of the notorious dancing spy.

Toward Civilization, a symposium edited by Charles Beard: Longmans. The engineers have their day in court. Reviewed April 30 and May 14.

Magazine Articles Recommended

A Defense of the English Climate, by Mary Borden. Harper's, June.

Long the subject of denunciation and the butt of sarcastic humor, the climate of England has at last found an American champion. Mary Borden's entertaining brief is based on the premise that what one likes has nothing to do with whether a climate is good or bad. "The English climate," writes Miss Borden, "is the best in the world because it is just depressing enough and, though beastly, not too beastly. It puts the brake on nervous energy, but sends the blood of men coursing through their veins. It refreshes and renews the normal springs of Life."

The Supreme Court and the Public, by Felix Frankfurter. Forum, June.

The author, a well known Professor of Law at Harvard, discusses the significance of the recent controversy over appointments to the Supreme Bench. "That the Supreme Court is especially fitted to be the ultimate arbiter of policy," he writes, "is an intelligent and tenable doctrine. But let us face the fact that five Justices of the Court *are* moulders of policy, rather than impersonal vehicles of revealed truth. To discharge its powers wisely, the Court needs a constant play of informed criticism. This in turn implies a high-spirited and disinterested bar and a public opinion trustful of the workings of our judiciary, because the judiciary is worthy of trust."

The Real Thing, by D. H. Lawrence. Scribner's, June.

In this posthumous article, Mr. Lawrence maintains that women have won emancipation, but have failed to find happiness in the victory. The fight still goes on. "To-day," he remarks, "woman is always tense and strung-up, alert and bare armed, not for love but for battle. It is when men become merely personal, things in themselves, instead of things kindled in the eternal flame of life, that the fight between man and woman begins. It cannot be avoided. The more conventional and correct a woman may be, the more outwardly devastating she is. Once she feels the loss of the greater control, she becomes emotionally destructive; she can no more help it than she can help being a woman."

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ever wise, for her lines are always packed and aching with the desperate sufferings of youth. Her new book, *Balm in Gilead,* (Harper $2.) in spite of the title, is no exception. Constant war is being waged between her high heart and the lesson of bitter resignation she thinks we all must learn. Something better is coming out of her work some day, when her balances weigh and rest, and when she loses some of her too-great facility and the habit of newspaper verse.

There is a sad wistfulness, almost a terror, in the new book by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, *The Secret Bird,* (Houghton, Mifflin $2.). She is a lesser singer among the women poets, a sweet but unempowered lyricist. This book goes deeper than her others—it shelves suddenly into deep water, like a shallow beach.

"The deeper notes of life are coming
now,
Age and death,
And I have but the instrument of spring
To meet them with. . . ."

She longs for stronger art, stronger faith. Few poets, even great ones, have spoken more barely, more honestly, than she speaks here. When a soul can be seen so plainly through them, even inadequate verses take on dignity.

Three little volumes, *April, July,* and *December,* have so far been issued in Frederick Edwards' *The Natural Year* (privately printed)—poems partly of the natural, and partly of the interwoven Christian, year. If William Stanley Braithwaite's introduction were not so extravagant, one would be tempted to say for them that they deserve at least better printing and that if well weeded and put into one volume instead of twelve, they would not be entirely negligible.

These are plain poems, in T. Morris Longstreth's *The Sky Through Branches* (Century $2.). The book is full of fresh air, and the mountain monologues by the guide Jed are successful. But there are a few poems which were worth waiting for more like them before publishing; Mr. Longstreth is too nearly a poet to be so uncritical in making up his book.

The poems which received prizes from *The Dial, The Nation, Poetry, Contemporary Verse,* and *Palms,* are included in *Prize Poems, 1913-1929,* edited by Charles A. Wagner (Boni-Paperbooks 75 cts.). It is an interesting and delightful collection and Mark Van Doren has written a splendid introduction, giving something of the whole philosophy of prize poems and literary prize-giving in general.

Preludes and Symphonies, by John Gould Fletcher (Macmillan $1.75) is a reissue of two earlier books, *Irradiations: Sand and Spray,* and *Goblins and Pagodas.*

The Canterbury Tales, the Prologue and Four Tales with the Book of the Duchess and Six Lyrics, by Geoffrey Chaucer, are translations into modern English verse by Frank Ernest Hill. Illus. Hermann Rosse, (Longmans, Green $3.50.).

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

The Pulitzer Prize awards always surprise somebody. So far as the literary awards for 1929 go, in fiction and biography they represent the judge's sympathetic reaction to popular taste. Van Tyne's *War of Independence* has perhaps had more admirers than readers, but its choice reflects credit on the judges. Aiken's poetry has been new long enough to have been caught up with by the general public, but in spirit it belongs to the past decade. James' biography of Sam Houston, *The Raven,* is typical popular writing, and by no means the best biography of the year. And the prize novel, La Farge's *Laughing Boy,* if a curious choice when one considers that Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* and Wolfe's *Look Homeward Angel* were published in the same year, is both in subject and in treatment pleasing to a large circle of cultivated readers. The award for "the original American play which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage" went to Mark Connelly for his *The Green Pastures,* a play which concerns itself with a Negro conception of Heaven. It is guaranteed to produce a warm feeling about the coldest heart.

The Pulitzer journalism prizes were awarded as follows:

To Leland Stowe of the New York *Herald Tribune,* $500 for the best example of correspondence during the year. The prize was awarded for his series of articles covering the conference on reparations and the establishment of the international bank.

To Russell D. Owen of the New York *Times,* $1000 for the best example of a reporter's work during the year. The prize was awarded for his reports by

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Shadow Syndicate,** by Clifford Hosken: The Dial Press.
Novel: **Poor Nigger,** by Orio Verani: Bobbs, Merrill.
Biography: **Roger Williams,** by Emily Easton: Houghton, Mifflin.
Miscellaneous: **The Greek Way,** by Edith Hamilton: Norton.

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By Richard M. Vaughan
"Presents personality in an understandable way as the key to the cosmic process, to human history and to the interpretation of God."—*Watchman-Examiner.* Price $2.50

The Atonement and Social Process
By Dean Shailer Mathews
Sets forth the religious function of the death of Christ in a new form which expresses the modern man's recognition of cosmic process, the relation of an organism to its environment and the individual to society. It is thus a detailed consideration of a new and constructive theological method. Religious Book Club's first choice for April. Price $2.00

The Red Harvest
Edited by Vincent Godfrey Burns
An anthology which holds steadily before the reader the march of war as the soldier saw it, with the illusions removed, the futility exposed, and the soldier's cry for peace rising out of the din of battle. "Deserves a wide reading and also a place as a reference book for public speakers. . . . Let our ministers get this book and have it at hand as they attempt to lead their people toward peace on earth and good will toward men." Price $3.75

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radio of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition.

A special award of $500 was made to W. O. Dapping of the Auburn (N. Y.) *Citizen* for his report of the outbreak at Auburn prison in December 1929.

To Charles R. Macauley of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* $500 for the best cartoon published in any American newspaper during the year. The prize was awarded for his cartoon entitled "Paying for a Dead Horse" which appeared in the *Daily Eagle*. F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

ABOUT THE ONLY bit of news we've been able to corral for you this week is that Hackensack, N. J., has gone literary and named its newest telephone exchange "Galsworthy." ♣ ♣ ♣ And that if you are an Edgar Rice Burroughs fan, his latest, *Tanar of Pellucidar*[1], has just come out, bearing a jacket on which appear a man and a maid, clad in the skins of (very small) wild beasts, and smiling into each other's eyes right in the same field with a ferocious sabre toothed tiger. The tale deals with goings-on in the hollow center of the earth, where the Pellucidareans, sturdy Highlanders, ruled over by a young American who dropped in on them through an error in judgment when using an immensely powerful earth-boring machine, are engaged in constant warfare with prehistoric animals and savage tribes. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Facts of Life*[2], as interpreted by H. W. Hanemann, are exceedingly funny. "Lives of the hysterical great as they might have been told by certain moderns." Nell Gwynn is presented as by Kathleen Norris, Catherine the Great by Viña Delmar, Lord Nelson and his Emma by Count Luckner, and so on. We enjoyed particularly *A Farewell to Josephine's Arms*, and the one in which Dr. Collins looks at King Arthur, but they are all riotously funny. As parody they are rather rough and ready, but better parodies would perhaps not have been so amusing. Herb Roth's illustrations are splendid. ♣ ♣ ♣ Montrose J. Moses made a complete translation of *The Passion Play of Oberammergau*[3] in 1909, and a new edition, revised for the 1930 production, is available. An introduction discusses the history of the play, and there is much interesting comment on the village and the players. ♣ ♣ ♣ Selected by The Scientific Book Club, *The Materials of Life*[4] is a readable statement and discussion of the discoveries of biochemistry, the chemistry of the human body, which will give you the latest low-down on ultraviolet rays, calories, vitamins, hormones and a lot of other things you're hearing a lot about nowadays. ♣ ♣ ♣ John Held, Jr.'s, illustrations in *Saturday to Monday*[5], a collection of verses by Newman Levy all about the horrors of week-ending, are swell, but the verses are—well, we wish he'd written the verses too. As they are, they assay about $1.50 to the ton. ♣ ♣ ♣ The application of the science of chemistry to our everyday life is popularly treated in *Stuff: the Story of Materials in the Service of Man*[6], by Pauline G. Beery. One thing we learned from a glance through its well-illustrated pages was that a very acceptable chewing gum has been made from rubber. ♣ ♣ ♣ *F-L-A-S-H D. 13*[7] are stories taken from the letters of D. 13, Assistant Chief of the Personal Court Branch of the Russian Imperial Secret Service, which investigated conspiracies against the Autocracy and cases involving members of the Imperial entourage. Through its bloody pages move the glittering figures of the Court, the monk Rasputin, generals and spies and adventuresses and anarchists. Personally, if we had been connected with the Russian Secret Service, we would have tried to introduce a simpler method of filing documents. We can imagine what happened when D. 13 asked the file clerk for Document "N" 464.435 P'III 222.P'194-2. But D. 13 was a vivid letter writer. The very first one in the book begins "FLASH! BZ-Z-Z! DZING!" When he joined the Secret Service there was a great direct mail advertising man lost to the world. ♣ ♣ ♣ When Inspector Slade started investigating *The Case of the Marsden Rubies*[8] he little thought that it would lead to his being shelled by a submarine. But then, he also little thought that Sadie the adventuress and the suave and mysterious Palinskys and that ace of aces, the Flying Phantom, would be involved. And then Sir Dudley Marsden was murdered, and the sign of the hawk pecking at an eyeless skull kept popping up, and there was all sorts of miscellaneous excitement, somewhat weakened for us by an American crook who says "Waaal," and indulges in slang of the vintage of 1850. ♣ ♣ ♣ Roger Eade, in *The Shadow Syndicate*[9], got home at 5:30 A.M., and having lost his keys, went to sleep on a bench in the park, where he was accosted by a bearded stranger who offered him a job. Roger applied for the job as a joke, found himself mixed up with some very peculiar people, and would have quit, but Judith, the girl friend, was also mixed up in it somehow, so he stayed on. The plot gets thicker and thicker, and before he gets through Roger finds himself bound and gagged and sealed up in a room in a deserted house. Will the French detective, Dawson, find him in time? A good, swift-moving, exciting tale. ♣ ♣ ♣ The ladies, in *Ladies' Man*[10], all fell for Jamie (though he was a good deal of a bum), and he, literally, fell for them, for in the very first chapter some one hove him out of a hotel window during a fancy dress ball, and he arrived on the sidewalk "a mere sack of meat and pulverized bones." Then the story goes back and gives the previous history of said sack, in which you'll find a lot of New York night life but not much mystery. WALTER R. BROOKS.

SWALLOW AND MARTIN
Woodcut by Eric Fitch Daglish in "The Natural History of Selborne" (Dutton)

1. Metropolitan, $2.00.
2. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.
3. Duffield, $2.50.
4. By T. R. Parsons: Norton, $3.00.
5. Knopf, $1.35.
6. Appleton, $5.00
7. By Victor K. Kaledin: Coward McCann, $2.50.
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The Family, Love, Marriage

In the New Books on Psychology

ONE OF Wortman's *Metropolitan Movies* in the New York *World* shows an earnest psychologist in consultation with a young woman. Tears are streaming down her face, her attitude reeks with self-pity as she says, "Ah, Doctor, before you told me about psychology I never realized how hideous my childhood was."

Perhaps the cartoon was inspired by *The New Generation* (Macaulay) a symposium on the Intimate Problems of Parents and Children. For the co-editors, V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen, declare in positive terms that the hazards of family life for children can no longer be ignored. The family survives from an unspecialized past when man made his own shoes and baked his own bread, and when woman, blest with a brood of fifteen to eighteen young, and all the housework besides, did not have time to focus too tenderly upon any one of them. Our new civilization has challenged the family. What shall we do about it? Thirty-three distinguished contributors give their views, some of them gloomy indeed. To John B. Watson the situation seems worse than to some of the others. He believes that the family is only a kind of conditioned reflex which is bound to go, and he looks forward to the time when all children, along with the family wash will be put out of the home. Bertrand Russell is inclined to agree with him. But he wonders if women will be willing to go through the discomforts of bearing children if they can't have the fun of bringing them up. He decides they probably will not be so generous and suggests that in the future motherhood may become a well-paid profession to be undertaken by those who can pass tests as to their fitness from a stock-breeding point of view. Fortunately, he says, at this moment we do not have to decide what tests should be imposed upon sires and what proportion of the male population they should form.

Although the family, in general, gets a severe drubbing, Bronislaw Malinowski comes to the rescue with an assertion that from the long-distance view of so cial structure it is an essential institution and must be preserved at all costs. His idea that some conditions might be changed and a few modern improvements added is comforting to those who would like to see the family have one more chance before it is drastically put out of being.

According to Floyd Dell in *Love in the Machine Age* (Farrar and Rinehart) it's not the family but the patriarchal pattern of family life that causes our troubles. Our conflicts and neurotic maladjustments come from the fact that while we have evolved from the patriarchal system in objective ways, we have not yet become sufficiently modern minded to meet the psychological requirements of a new era. Our modern world requires adult thought and adult behavior, particularly in love and marriage, and these have been impossible in the past. When we emerge from the shadow of patriarchy we shall discover that "modern machinery has laid the basis for a more biologically normal family life than has existed throughout the whole of the historical period, or indeed in the whole life of mankind."

Another kind word for monogamy is spoken by Dr. Josef Lobel in *From Marriage to Love* (Ives Washburn). He says "The only reform in marriage that promises any success is one that starts with the reform of married people." He thinks the established form would be more tolerable if we provided easier exits. Which brings us to the question of divorce. Not where shall we get it, or how much alimony or what shall we do with the children, but what shall we do with ourselves is what Willard Waller would answer in *The Old Love and the New* (Horace Liveright). For to any but the flippant, the breaking of a relation as deeply interwoven in the life of the psyche as marriage, is not a casual event. It has always in it the making of heart-breaking devastation. From the life stories of some thirty-three divorced men and women, Dr. Waller has tried to determine what are the major problems of such a crisis. He has studied the social, the sexual, the psychological adjustments, the conflicts, the moods of those who have had to make a complete re-organization of old ways of living and loving.

Since there are probably four million divorced people in the United States today, the book should find many readers. And since tomorrow in marriage is uncertain, those who are not yet divorced may find it helpful. Its description of the varied miseries which have only just begun when the decree is handed down may have a chastening effect. It is a good book and a brave book, rich in the kind of material which is creating a new understanding of human nature.

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In This Issue

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE is a southerner by birth and well known as an author and poet. His latest contribution to the Outlook and Independent was "Wanted: A Grenfell."

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE is known as an author and editor. Formerly a member of the editorial staff of Doubleday, Page and Co., he is the author of *The Inside Story of Austro-German Intrigue* and other volumes.

ZELDA F. POPKIN is a journalist and resident of New York. She has recently returned from an extended trip in Russia.

EDWARD ANGLY was formerly foreign correspondent of the Associated Press in Paris and Russia. Although a Texan by birth Mr. Angly's ancestry is French.

Next Week

Millions From Dumbbells, by Allene Talmey.

Great as may be the amusement with which *True Stories, Physical Culture* and the New York *Evening Graphic* are regarded by the sophisticated, millions of readers are influenced by these publications and millions of dollars have accrued to their publisher. The career of this moulder of public opinion is, moreover, no less amazing than successful. Connoisseurs of the tabloids will remember the *Graphic's* profusely illustrated chronicle of the doings of Daddy Browning and his Peaches. Miss Talmey presents a striking portrait of the modern preacher of the gospel of physical culture, the only man besides Lincoln of whom three biographies have been published in a single day—Bernarr Macfadden.

They Do Escape, by Desmond Holdridge.

Contrary to general opinion, escaping from the French penal colony at Devil's Island is by no means impossible. If one has five hundred dollars and friends, the author declares, escape to Venezuela by sea can easily be arranged. Lacking the necessary money, the overland route through the jungles and swamps of French Guiana presents an alternative. Although this latter route is far more hazardous its difficulties have been overcome, Mr. Holdridge maintains, more than once.

Jobs After Motherhood, by Emily Newell Blair.

Women, the author declares, who have professions or who are employed in business and who desire families are faced with a dilemma. If they give up their jobs, how can they regain their positions in the professional world when their families have grown up and they have reached forty? If they retain their jobs, how can they raise families? Mrs. Blair discusses this dilemma and suggests a possible solution.

Reparation Bonds, by William O. Scroggs.

Following the adoption of the Young plan and the establishment of the Bank for International Settlements in Switzerland has come the announcement of the first issue of Reparation Bonds. By means of these bonds the problem of Allied claims against Germany is to be shifted as much as possible from the political to the economic field. Instead of owing governments, Germany will be in debt to private investors the world over for a certain portion of reparation monies. The bonds, according to Mr. Scroggs, are amply secured, hysterical Congressmen to the contrary, and payments thereunder are classed as unconditional. The plan now in operation promises to be a real step toward the long awaited "final liquidation of the Great War."

The Theatre

By O. D. C.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICS may conclude sagely that Ibsen's early poetic tragedy, *The Vikings at Helgeland,* as interpreted by Blanche Yurka (New Yorker) bears the unmistakable signs of immaturity on the part of the dramatist. And we, ourselves, may confess to something of the same feeling, with the additional criticism that the lady in the case—Hjordis of Norway—could never have been drawn originally with so full a measure of shuddering malevolence as Blanche Yurka injects into her portrait. But immaturity is a question of comparisons. And quite a different conclusion is possible to any one who compares the poet of *The Vikings,* not with the dramatist of *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler,* but, let us say, with the prize winner of the latest Little Theatre Tournaments: *The New Freedom.*

Considered in this light, *The Vikings* stands so far above contemporary immaturity that it reaches different planes of expression and perception. Plays like *The New Freedom*—which is by no means a bad exponent of earnest if superficial contemporary drama—deal almost invariably with particular phases of the relationships of individuals with their environment. They exclaim, "See! This is what happens to people who do thus and so!" But the people, themselves, are mostly anybody, patently selected to fit the example given. Except in rare instances, the story remains in the memory long after the characters are forgotten.

Such is not the fate of characters presented with real insight. True destiny plays the same trick with human beings in the tenth century as in the twentieth. *Oedipus Rex* is as veritable today as ever. *Strange Interlude* would be precisely as genuine did it hail from an ancient Grecian setting. Accompanied by Mediterranean manners and customs, instead of modern American, the essential tragedy of divided emotions in woman would remain.

So with Ibsen's *The Vikings.* Heavy, poetic drama though it be—touched possibly with Shakespearean influence—and suffering with a piling on of the final agony, nevertheless Ibsen struck down deep into the universal depths of human motives and emotions, and produced a lasting character: Hjordis, who was tricked into marriage with an inferior man by the false conception of honor held by her true mate, and so destined, along with him, to all the bitternesses that lie along the road to final tragedy.

The current production is marred somewhat by the degree to which Miss Yurka injects an evil malevolence into her portrait of a frustrated, unhappy, intense woman. It is aided most marvelously by the first continuous use we have seen of the new light organ, the clavilux. Here are the veritable waves of the ocean tipped and pooled with moonlight as they roll into the shore. Here is firelight, lighting up the shadows of Norse castle halls. Here are authentic storm, darkness and lightning, and the bright, sharp rainbow of the North, stretching its arc above the clear, cold sea.

As manipulated with rare skill and artistic perception by Thomas Wilfred—there are no footlights or spots or bunch lights in the whole production—the clavilux reinforces the power of the drama like some orchestra of the emotions, playing soundless visual music, suited now to the individual mood of the single actor, now to the clash of character against character, reaching at last the crescendo of the whole tragedy itself in the final storm. Most striking of all was Mr. Wilfred's ability to produce the sudden flaring of the great castle fire upon the faces and figures of the characters, as the thread of dramatic intensity ran from group to group. The light organ betters music as an accompaniment to such dramas. Competently played, it remains a silent, almost unnoticed integral part of the play. In the words of the second hand automobile advertisements, it must be seen to be appreciated.

If you are interested in the theatre, *The Vikings*—well cast, well played, and artistically staged—is worth seeing. If you are just seeking entertainment, it does not quite ring the Broadway bell.

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▶▶ The Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶*"The Devil's Holiday"*

REALLY first-rate films have a way of slipping in without any blasts of advertising or stupendous, colossal adjectives—probably because all good things are made for minorities.

The Devil's Holiday—written and directed by Edmund Goulding—is the story of the innocent son (Phillips Holmes) of a wealthy, middle-western wheat farmer who comes to the city and falls into the clutches of pretty Nancy Carroll. Following her plan she marries him and goes back to his hot little village—and when, a few hours later, the boy's patriarchal father (Hobart Bosworth) asks her what she wants to get out she calmly answers "$50,000"—and returns to New York to buy herself a lot of new clothes.

Mr. Goulding has done beautifully with his characterizations — and so honest are the performances of Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes that the plot sounds almost new. The little wheat town and the old homestead are so infinitely more a part of America than the night clubs we have been seeing recently that *The Devil's Holiday* is pretty encouraging. An especially fine scene is that in which the boy brings the girl up to the bedroom in which he had been born and in which his mother had died. When Miss Carroll sees the resolute eyes of the boy's pioneer mother in a picture on the wall—she almost, but not quite, goes to pieces.

▶▶*"The Silent Enemy"*

Again the fast-disappearing American Indian has had his trials and tribulations recorded on film with beautiful and occasionally dramatic results. The vanishing Americans in this case are Ojibways, Black Foot and Sioux, and the picture was made in Northern Ontario in cruel, cold forests where even the crafty and skilful Indians have a desperate time finding sufficient game to keep alive. *The Silent Enemy* is hunger and in this production we have not only beautiful photographs of a land untouched by the white man, but extraordinary ones of packs of wolves running through snowy forests at night, of a hunter trapping a deer with a whistle, of a bear cub fighting a mountain lion, and of a tremendous herd of caribou.

The film is silent save for a musical score and a few incidental songs and drum-beats—but it is preceded by a short spoken introduction by Chief Yellow Robe (who takes the part of the tribe leader in the story) in which he tells you that there are very few of his people left. As a matter of fact Chief Yellow Robe died three weeks after finishing the picture. *The Silent Enemy* was made as a private enterprise by W. Douglas Burden, a scientist connected with the Museum of Natural History, who hired camera-men and dragged them out into the wilderness to make the film the way he wanted it. He then sold it to Paramount.

▶▶*"The Big Pond"*

If you are not already fascinated by the charming Maurice Chevalier, *The Big Pond* with its gaiety, its humor and its excellent dialogue satirizing American big business will do the trick. This dialogue, by the way, is by the same Preston Sturges who wrote *Strictly Dishonorable*. Here we have Chevalier as a guide in Venice. Claudette Colbert, the daughter of an American chewing gum king, takes a fancy to him, and induces papa to take him back to the States and give him a chance to "make good." Accordingly, Chevalier goes to work in a vast chewing gum plant where his prospects of earning "twenty thousand a year" seem very scanty until he conceives the idea of making gum flavored "scotch," "rye," and "champagne." After this he is so successful and has so many fountain pens in his vest that, as Miss Colbert remarks, he "looks like a pipe organ." *The Big Pond* is a good show and has that rare thing—humor.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: The war as a class of nineteen-year-old German recruits saw it—a bitter and powerful film. Remarque's book is unchanged.
High Treason: Life in the future—a fanciful British film showing events leading up to the next war. New York and Pennsylvania censors forbid it.
He Knew Women: Alice Joyce and Lowell Sherman in something smooth and grown-up.
Journey's End: The British stage play precisely as it is now being given in London and New York.
King of Jazz: Paul Whiteman and his band in a revue which is better than most—although it has no humor.
The Man From Blankley's: John Barrymore as a comedian once again. Quite amusing.
The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett sings through a semi-operatic plot.
Song o' My Heart: All the ould ballads, sung by John McCormack. Not much story.

Not So Good

Free and Easy: Buster Keaton is funny when he gets away from the musical numbers.
Divorcee: A diluted and purified version of **Ex-Wife** with Norma Shearer as the lady who sins and sins and sins.

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From the Life

The Fatal Sandwich

By IBBY HALL

HE WAS a quiet man and not really accustomed to drinking. But he never could make up his mind about prohibition. In the old days he had taken his occasional glass with a feeling of elation, warmed by the knowledge that he was a good fellow, but under the new law he was uneasy; he suspected that he was a criminal.

Now he had always thoroughly enjoyed being a good fellow. He was a timid man by nature, and devoted to his friends. The more deeply he felt an emotion the more difficult it was for him to express himself. But at the first appearance of a foamy mug of beer or at the first sip from a tall glass he had in those old days become the finest and frankest of men.

And what bewildered him about prohibition was that the same drink which had once made him into a friend of mankind, now transformed him into an enemy of society. But this was only the first step in the argument. The second step concerned his friends. Had they all become criminals just because . . . . ?

And yet the law was part of his country. His country. He was always rather overcome by the phrase. It suggested the whip and lift of band music —flags rippling on summer air—and the noble voices of orators. Making his heart beat faster and bringing tears to his eyes. And here he was breaking his country's laws. He decided dismally that there was something horribly wrong with him.

There were long stretches of time when loyalty to his country triumphed. But as the days went by, with no wars or holidays, he would be filled with longing for his friends. By the end of a week he would scarcely be able to smile in the presence of the boys. By the end of two weeks he would be tongue-tied and miserable. By the end of three he could bear it no longer. He had to express himself.

It was on one such day that he remembered Jerry's place. Before the War Jerry had been an upright, honest, fair dealing bartender. Now, Jerry kept a sort of lunch counter. A nice appetizing place. He was frankly ashamed of his own attitude whenever he paid a visit to Jerry's place. For he could not help hoping that no one was suspicious of the lunch counter. He could not help stepping inside quickly, and closing the door quietly behind him.

This time he stepped inside even more quickly than usual. The door slipped from his grasp and banged behind him. Those two men up the street—hadn't they looked at him a little hard? He edged over to the counter, slipped on to one of the high stools and smiled up mechanically in the direction of Jerry.

"How's a boy," he said with false heartiness.

"Ain't seen you in a long time," said Jerry coldly. "Say," he wanted to know, "are you 'fraid to come round or something?"

The little man opened his mouth. But as usual he couldn't think of the right thing to say. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out two dollars. He pressed them to the counter and leaned over earnestly, about to assure Jerry —but for the life of him he couldn't help glancing uneasily at the door. "You remember what you s-said," he stammered, "about the stuff you could let me have cheap—" The door closed suddenly behind him, and he jumped as if a bullet had gone through his chest.

TWO MEN WALKED slowly over to the counter and looked at him. Then they turned and looked at Jerry. They might be customers! They might be— then he saw that they were staring at the two dollars lying beneath his rigid hand upon the counter.

"WHAT'S THAT MONEY FOR?" roared the larger and more belligerent of the two.

It was all over. He was a criminal. Then he lifted his eyes and saw Jerry. This was a tough break for Jerry. There wasn't a finer fellow anywhere. A law that would get after Jerry—! And suddenly his head felt as light and his courage as high as though he had had several drinks.

"What for?" he repeated indignantly. "This is a lunch counter!"

The belligerent one fixed his eye on Jerry. "And what sort of lunch do you be giving for two dollars?" he wanted to know. But before Jerry could answer,

"Two dollars worth of sandwiches," called the loyal friend loudly.

The belligerent one and his companion stared fixedly at each other, and taking their places, one each side of the customer, leaned carelessly against the counter.

Let them lean! Jerry had doubted him. Jerry would see. And he reached his hand out for the sandwiches which Jerry was producing from behind the counter. They were large sandwiches, and he had just finished lunch but he bit as ravenously into the first as though he had been starving. Jerry, standing behind the counter, watched him in fascination. One on each side, the two strangers stared intently.

He chewed the second sandwich slowly. With the third, they would believe him. With the fourth, he hesitated between bite-fulls waiting for some one to speak. As he picked up the fifth sandwich he struggled to look reassuringly in the direction of Jerry. On the sixth he stared at the counter and knew that this was friendship. On the first swallow of the seventh he raised his eyes, round with reproach, to those of the gloating spectators. On the eighth he tried to pray. But "Now I lay me," was all he could remember and that one seemed to increase the aching in his jaws. At this point Jerry produced another platter full, and the room went red before his eyes. All that got him through the ninth—the tenth—was the thought of prison. He could see they were growing restive. Slowly, slowly, he was wearing them out.

As he reached for the eleventh he staggered and choked, and thought he was about to die. He struggled for a last piteous look at Jerry's face, and at the look there, caught his breath, revived. They had called him a good fellow before but they had never looked at him like that. With the determination of heroism he swallowed the last crumb of the eleventh and laid his hand upon the twelfth.

He had thought those two who watched him from either side were about to go. Instead, they pressed closer, their faces lit with admiration. He bit upon the twelfth in agony. He swallowed and knew the sensation of hanging. He paused and closed his eyes.

It was the thirteenth sandwich that broke him. His body had revolted eight sandwiches ago. But now his spirit rose up in defiance. Prohibition! It was a hideous law. A law that threatened friendships! A law that encouraged hypocrites! A law that could murder men and laugh. He laid down the remains of the thirteenth sandwich. He leaned heavily upon the counter and struggled for his suffocated voice. He must speak. For he knew at last where he stood. He could be eloquent now. And then he found his voice.

"I guess," he heard himself say thickly in a muffled voice and far away, "I guess I had enough."

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"Wichita Bill"

By ARTHUR STRAWN

THE FIRST white child born in Wichita, Kansas, and raised in the prairie regions of the Cimarron and the Chisholm Trail, it has been John Noble's destiny to become known best for his paintings of ships and the sea. It is true that he has made many pictures of the cow country, and that his large painting of buffalos, "The Big Herd," won the coveted Carnegie Prize a year ago at the National Academy of Design in New York. But the major theme of his canvases is the life of the sea, so that one is tempted to explain this seeming incongruity in terms of psychoanalysis, the urge to paint water deriving from that early life in the arid prairies where water was rare and precious. For Noble himself, as a youth just turned twenty, took part in the first great rush into the Oklahoma Territory in 1889 when water was sold for ten cents a cup and no one complained of the price.

The really odd thing about Noble, however, isn't that a man born and raised on the plains should become a famous painter of seascapes, but that a man raised in that rough, pioneering atmosphere where the struggle for the bare necessaries of life was persistently grim, should ever have become a painter at all. But Noble's parents, when they moved Westward from Ohio, had carried along an illustrated set of Shakespeare's works, and when Noble, as a child of five, began making crude copies of those illustrations, the first momentous step was unknowingly taken.

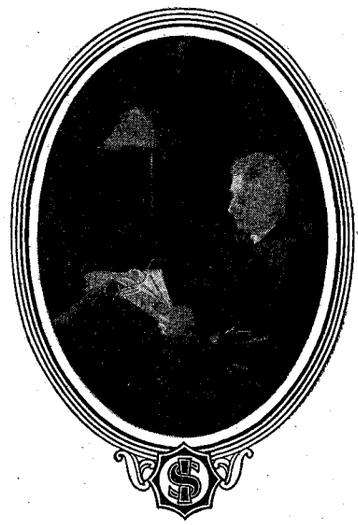
NOBLE'S FATHER owned a ranch west of Wichita, (the settlement was then known as "Poker Bill's") and almost as soon as the boy had learned to walk he found himself in the saddle, leaving the ranch-house at 4 A.M. every morning to ride six miles to let sheep out of the corral. There followed long hours on the plains, and these the boy filled making sketches. By the time Noble was nineteen his destiny was manifest and his father allowed him to journey to Cincinnati to study art. Six months later he was back in the Southwest. He wandered from place to place, sketching as he went, known familiarly as "Wichita Bill." He became friendly with Wild Bill Hicock and Bob Dalton. He made occasional drawings for Kansas City and Wichita newspapers. He painted nymphs and sylphs for the adornment of saloon walls, and his "Cleopatra at the Bath," hung over the bar of the Carey Hotel in Wichita, was realistic enough to arouse the ire of Carrie Nation who one day destroyed it with a barrage of stones.

A novel about life in the Latin Quarter of Paris inspired Noble to go abroad and in 1897, at the age of twenty-nine, he reached the French capital with ninety-eight dollars in his pocket. He studied at Julien's academy under John Paul Laurens, earning his living by acting as guide for tourists and making copies in oil of photographs which he occasionally received from the folks back home. His stay abroad lengthened into years. Finally, after years of groping, he settled in Brittany and there, among the fisher-folk of Pont Croix and Audienne, reached maturity as an artist. When the Paris Salon of 1907 hung the two paintings he offered, he had "arrived." He married a French girl and made his home in Picardy where his first son was born. The coming of the Great War compelled Noble to abandon everything, and with his wife and child he joined the tide of refugees. He went to London, exhibited and achieved an immediate triumph. His pictures sold widely and fetched big prices. The growing desire to return to his native country and to paint American scenes at length became irresistible and in 1919 Noble set sail for America. Since then he has exhibited regularly. His pictures have taken numerous prizes and have found their way into important private and public collections. Three years ago he was elected into the exclusive National Academy.

Today he makes his home in an apartment overlooking Stuyvesant Square in New York. A tall man with long, white hair, black Windsor tie and the broad-brimmed Stetson of the prairies, he makes a striking figure. He does almost all his painting at night, with the aid of a specially constructed electric lamp. When his wife and two young sons go to bed, he retires into his little studio off the living room and there paints, often until the break of day. He spends weeks sometimes thinking out a picture before he puts brush to canvas. Thus he rarely paints directly from life, but rather regards direct transcription as mere mechanics.

"If you are an artist the picture is inside you," he says.

The imaginative quality of his paintings, particularly his seascapes, has been compared by experts with that of Ryder.



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Russia Goes to the Movies

(Continued from Page 131)

them with mathematical precision so that each actor, each stage prop assumes its highest value and does the greatest possible amount of work. Pudovkin, who combines the mathematical precision of Kulishev with the emotional realism of Eisenstein, whose most-widely-known-in-America work was *The End of St. Petersburg,* is at present working in the Mezhraphomn Russ studio, where he has produced an extremely important scientific work, the *Mechanics of the Human Brain,* graphically demonstrating Pavlov's theory of condition reflexes.

So great is the interest of the movie-going public in Russia in films of a cultural and scientific nature that Sovkino devotes two of its largest Moscow plants to this type of work alone, and about one-fourth of the working capital of the Soviet cinema organization is used for this purpose.

MEN OF SCIENCE join with technicians in bringing accuracy as well as interest to the technical films. The high water mark attained in this type of film production was Pudovkin's *Mechanics of the Human Brain,* and despite its apparently wholly scientific attitude and subject matter, the Russian audiences applauded it. Indeed, those workers' theatres which specialize in cultural and scientific works are invariably crowded. Not all of the educational productions are as highly intellectualized as Professor Pavlov's great work. In selecting their subjects the producers of cultural films do not lose sight of the fact that their ultimate object is mass education, and that therefore they must endeavor first to throw some light on immediately important problems bearing on the country's social and economic life, the industrialization of the country, the improvement and protection of health, the persistent evils of social life, and kindred subjects. Scientific subjects presented on the screen must have a practical value, since the spectator absorbs the flickering subject matter only in proportion to its immediate interest to himself.

Running over the list of the last two years' output of cultural films one finds listed: *The Problem of Nutrition, Oil, Electrification, Fish, Alcohol, Fatigue and How to Combat It, The Sugar Beet Industry, The Care of Patients in the Home, Scientific Vocational Guidance, Aviation in the Service of Culture, Love of Nature, The Struggle for Health, The Book Publishing Industry, Bricks, Do Not Buy from the Peddler, The Glass Eye.* These, bear in mind, are titles of films and not of treatises. The law of supply for demand certainly seems to be with them, for the conclusion of the year 1929 will see at least one hundred other such films put out by the three larger film companies.

The travel film—that inevitable and often tiresome concomitant of the American newsreel—is of absorbing interest to the Russian moviegoer, and Sovkino fits out, often with the co-operation of the Academy of Sciences, ethnographic and geographic expeditions that literally go to the ends of the earth, seeking new cinema material. The eyes of the world were on the Krassin as she hacked her way through Arctic icefields in order to accomplish her spectacular rescue of the crew of Nobile's wrecked dirigible Italia. In Moscow there was anxiety, and later there was rejoicing for the rescue-ship Krassin had not been fitted up and sent out merely for humanitarian purposes. It was sent out to film a movie thriller. It made a super-newsreel, and saved lives as well. Movie cameras have traveled over every part of the far-flung U.S.S.R., to regions where no white man ever set foot before, by steamer, motor, airplane, on horseback, by polar schooner, reindeer and sled. A meteorite fell high in the mountains of Taishet, destroying forests, plowing up swamps, and immediately a photographic expedition set out from Moscow, thousands of miles away, toiling on horseback, waist high in snow, to reach the scene of the devastation and to record it for curious posterity and present-day science. No assignment is too strenuous for these super-reporters of the camera. They accept their responsibilities as unquestioningly as soldiers, but with a zest and zeal born of more than loyalty. Every assignment must of necessity entail hardships, on difficult and dangerous roads, lacking food, thirsting, suffering unbearable cold and heat, and facing the possibility of disease. But to work in the new post revolutionary cinema is to be an adventurer. The experiences of the cameraman who filmed the meteorite at Taishet furnish a graphic description of the perils of his calling.

"When I reached Taishet the expedition had left five days ago toward Vanovar, making use of the winter road, which was soon to disappear and each minute was precious. Thus I hurried day and night. Between the villages Shitkino and Nevanka I had to travel over the mountain pass on a summer road. The horses got up to their neck in the snow and the only way to get through was on horseback. In crossing a mountain stream the horses broke through the ice and I was half in the water and got across with difficulty and had to change my clothing in the open and spend the night there.

"We moved in boats to the place where the meteorite had fallen. Within 150 kilometres the trees of the forest were uprooted, lying parallel with their tops in one direction. The trees were charred, blown down by some enormous draft of an incandescent wind.

"The meteorite had fallen into a swamp and was surrounded by many funnels, similar to shell holes from heavy artillery fire. All of the vegetation and animals had disappeared. The weather did not favor photography and the material was not particularly fitting for the film. There was no movement anywhere on the dead, barren, burned-down Taiga. A great menace were the insects and mosquitoes and it became necessary to work under net. Continuing thus for about a month I contracted scurvy but fortunately the work had terminated and I was sent with other sick workmen to Angara where I filmed that region."

Not only geography is being taught by means of the films, but science—medical, agricultural, industrial, electrical—and history, divested of its shams and trappings and portrayed in the light of realism, and now the cinema is even undertaking to teach foreign languages. The Tchicherin Courses of Foreign Languages have taken the film *Nanuk* and have especially prepared inscriptions for it in English so elementary and apt that the beginner will readily understand them. While the picture is being shown, the teacher reads the captions aloud so that his students will get the proper pronunciation. Films of this type are being shown once a week in Moscow to serious students of English.

SOMETIMES even determinedly sober Moscow must laugh, and a purposeful cinema producing organization puts aside its gravity and indulges in a comedy film. But it is never comedy for the sake of pure amusement. There must be a shred or two of social significance hidden somewhere. In *When Moscow Laughed* there was satirical comment on the lotteries, and on the housing shortage. Although they have not yet learned or indeed been given the opportunity to laugh unreservedly at their own foibles, the Russian audiences are hugely amused by American comedy films, their favorites including Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton. Strangely enough, although volumes have been written and published in Russia on the cinema art of Charlie Chaplin, the

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U.S.S.R. knows him only as a director, his picture *A Woman of Paris* having won acclaim there. Douglas Fairbanks' films, with the exception of *The Thief of Bagdad,* were very popular, the adventure-gymnastic-trick action film being the sort of relaxation the Russian theatregoer welcomes. They used to love the old American detective series *The Eye of the World, The Secret Hand,* and others of that type in which Pearl White, Ruth Roland, and Antonio Moreno, risked their lives each week, and they still enjoy the romantic adventures of Milton Sills.

I have mentioned Griffith's far reaching effect on the new Russian cinema. It was he who taught the young producers how to arrange their material, how to stage it, and to work with the actor. But if Griffith taught them how to work with the actor, they nevertheless have taught themselves how to work without actors. The technician's importance is increasing, while the star's is diminishing. Movie actors no longer are starred. They merely "co-operate" in the films. Beauty alone has ceased to be a predominating requisite. Would-be actors have to go to training school first to get into the movies.

The primary school of the motion picture is the Moscow State Technicum of Cinematography. This is for students under seventeen who have the adequate preliminary education. There is a higher school known as the Institute of Cinematography and there is a third school, at Leningrad, where specialists in the field of photography are trained.

From Horses to Sailboats

(Continued from Page 142)

be eight squash courts for the residents and guests. Lowell House will be essentially similar in its facilities except that it will accommodate 288 students. It is planned to increase such houses both by the remodeling of old buildings and the erection of new ones until all the upper classmen shall be so housed.

In spite of the fact that the House Plan was first advocated in print by the Committee on Education of the Student Council in an able report published in 1925 there has since then been considerable student opposition. The extent to which this opposition has been overcome may be indicated by the fact that there had been by February of this year between 1300 and 1400 applications for the 522 rooms soon to be available.

The candidates are being so selected as to make the resident students in each house a cross section of the entire student body. They will be completely representative of that highly cosmopolitan body—the Harvard College of today—representative geographically, scholastically, politically, racially and socially.

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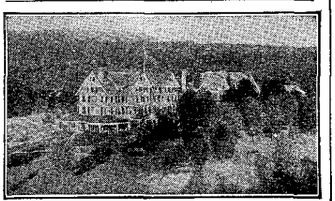

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great scientific collections, see great painting and sculpture and listen to great music which even so great a man as Mark Hopkins could not in and of himself provide.

In my day, and later, the rewards of a liberal college education had become so doubtful; the question of whether they were worth the time and money of a four year course so persistent, that the college as then constituted probably could not have much longer survived. Johns Hopkins dropped their undergraduate college altogether. Many universities were more and more subordinating the interests of their colleges and their undergraduates to those of their graduates and their graduate schools. In some instances, the four year college course had been reduced to three or even two years. In short, it would seem that Harvard's new educational program, which Yale has now adopted in principle, and which in greater or lesser degree has found expression in so many of our colleges and universities, not only combines in the largest feasible measure the advantages of the great university with those of the old-time college but has actually saved the liberal college education from extinction.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of May 24, 1950

In an airplane broadcast on Thursday, the chairman of the Republican National Committee warned the Nation that the only way to avert unemployment on a vast scale and a collapse of the stock market was to continue the Republican Party in power.

Speaking at a banquet last week at the Royal Yacht Club the Duke of Tetley expressed his confidence that the America's Cup would be lifted in 1951 by Shamrock XVIII.

Authorities on Russia predicted the imminent collapse of the Red Rule.

Radio reports from booksellers to the Outlook indicate an active demand everywhere for the two masterpieces of the newly appointed Poet Laureate of England, "Window Washing in Bye-Streets" and "Scavenger."

M. Le Maire Officiates

(Continued from Page 127)

"A pack of politicians. What business have they in this family gathering?"

After two hours of champagne and chatter and congratulations, the members of the municipal council went away, and Monsieur le maire, restored to his rank in the family, once more yielded precedence to the octogenarian grandfather.

Late in the evening the village drum and bugle corps marched to the steps of the *salle,* gave a noisy concert and presented an offering to the newlyweds. Some of the buglers and drummers hurried away, to reappear in a few moments in other uniforms as members of the gymnastic society, which also came bearing gifts. Three or four of the more versatile young men slipped away for a third change of apparel and returned with the last and largest of the delegations, the firemen, who pranced up to the hall dragging their pump behind them.

While the kith and kin of the newlyweds supped and danced the night away in the *salle des fêtes,* the other inhabitants of the village made merry in the three public cafés, with beer and wine at the expense of the father of the bride and of Monsieur le maire.

The next day the celebration continued, the interval between two sumptuous meals being devoted to a salutary afternoon of mountain climbing. What happened on the third and last day of the marriage fête, this chronicler cannot say, for he was on his way back to Paris and a diet, convinced that Monsieur le maire of Urbès in Alsace would be re-elected without a struggle.

Prohibition and the Negro

(Continued from Page 125)

tains at the windows. And where are the children? Why, they have gone away to the best schools and colleges. What wrought the magic of this economic revolution? Prohibition. It has been the financial salvation of some citizens. And if the Negro sees the white man advancing by this route, can you expect him not to follow the same road? You cannot; for if there is one trait characteristic of the Negro, it is the matter of imitating his superior.

When the American colonies began to get rather uncomfortably powerful and independent, it was necessary for England to discover a remedy. In both Houses, by men of weight and consequence, it was gravely argued that the best method of control was through granting no further land, and thus preventing the increase in population. This fantastic view found itself fully exposed to the ridicule of the great Edmund Burke, who said: "The people will occupy without grants. . . . Such would be the happy result of an attempt to keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God, by an express charter, has given to the children of

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CALIFORNIA RANCH—125 acres, Imperial Valley. Level, abundant water. Artistic Spanish house, vegetables in January; also good for dates, grapefruit, pecans, grapes. Plenty small game on ranch, and a few hours to fine big game hunting and fishing, same land adjoining rented at $22 an acre cash. Tubercular persons get fat here. Other business compels sale. Price—*$20,000, terms.* A. JESSOP, 1041 Fifth Ave., San Diego, California.

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Canada

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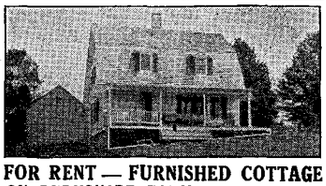

FOR RENT — FURNISHED COTTAGE ON BERKSHIRE FARM. 6 rooms, bath, modern plumbing, open fireplace. Good view. Garage for one car. Garden planted if desired. $400 for season. 1057 Outlook.

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LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT — FOR RENT—Furnished farm house. Elevated. Shade. Garage. New house on State Road, for sale. EDITH CALDWELL, Tel. 153-5.

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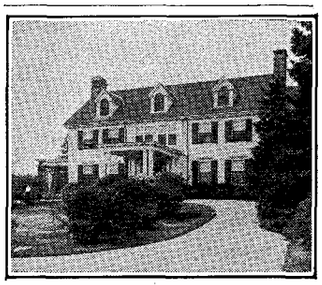

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12 rooms (4 more can be easily added)—In Village—near churches and Post Office—just off State Road—Overlooks lake—good bathing—Suitable for summer home or small hotel—Further details A. V. BLAISDELL.

FOR SALE—2 adjoining houses 12 miles from Rockland, thriving country village, 3 minutes from postoffice. Comfortable houses, perfect condition, electric lights, excellent well water, garages, 5 acres of land, orchard. Sold together or separately, price reasonable. Fine opportunity for way-side store and gas station, or farming on small scale, or for summer home. Write ERNEST C. DAVIS, Rockland, Maine.

SUMMER HOMES $1,100 up. Lists now ready, classified according to location and price. State your requirements. MAINE LAKES & COAST COMPANY, Portland, Maine.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE

Bungalow for Rent—$600. Kitchen, dining room, 9 bedrooms, bath, living room 14 x 28, large fireplace, furnace heat, 2 bed rooms, bath second floor. Well furnished. Large piazza. Nice view water. Cool nights. Also furnished farm house—$200. F. W. SAWYER, Salisbury Cove, Maine.

Maine

SUMMER CAMP $75 Lake Maranacook, Readfield, Me. Sleeping and Living Quarters, 4 Bunks. Price includes wood, ice, boat, canoe, tennis. Good fishing. JAS. E. HARVEY, Readfield, Me.

FOR RENT—MAINE COAST

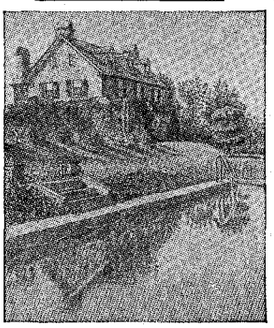
Early American House—1706.

Full season, $250. Modern conveniences—hooked rugs—some antiques—eight miles from Brunswick—thirty-four from Portland. Particulars from F. J. AUBENS, East Harpswell, Maine.

FOR SALE—MAINE COAST

Small Peninsula—lovely setting—two miles shore—beautiful bays—for water sports—12 good buildings—large main bungalow—suitable for Community Camp—Children's Camp. Circular from F. J. AUBENS, Custodian, East Harpswell, Maine.

Maryland



FOR SALE

STOCKHOME two miles from the District of Columbia's line, in Montgomery County, Maryland, in Bradley Hills. Property consists of approximately 55,000 square feet of land, stone house and garage. House has 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast room. Garage holds 2 cars, having servants' quarters on second floor. Outdoor swimming pool, fed by springs, central heating plant, oil heat, stationary vacuum cleaner, and refrigeration. Just 8½ miles from center of Washington, in most beautiful suburb.—**Ed. L. Stock, 1117—15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.**

Massachusetts

OCEAN FRONT BUNGALOWS, CAPE COD Osborn Ball, 1895 University Ave., New York City.

OLD SALEM, MASS., Typical home. Characteristically furnished. Secluded. Garage. Rent for season to accredited applicant. BOX K, Court House, Salem, Mass.

SALE OR RENT—On Cape Cod. 10 room house fully furnished. All modern improvements. In desirable community. One acre land. Rental, season $900. Sale price $11,000. A. WHITE, Chatham, Mass.

AGREEABLE ADULTS to share nice home with lady on beautiful lake in Vermont. Fine for artists or writers. Pine air and peaceful surroundings. Conveniences. 2 weeks or longer. OWNER, P. O. Box 258, Greenfield, Mass.

BUNGALOW COTTAGE

ON WAQUOIT BAY—CAPE COD. FOR RENT FOR THE SEASON.

Beautiful view of Martha's Vineyard Sound. Cottage consists of large living room with large open fireplace. 6 sleeping rooms, large screened porch. Private electric light and water plant. 2-car garage. Private bath house with fresh water shower. Tennis court. Overflow cottage. Inquire, MRS. E. C. BUSH, Mountain Lakes, N. J. Telephone 1546-W Boonton.

New Hampshire

WHY BUILD SUMMER COTTAGE AT Gilmanton, New Hamp.? Because of its Climate, Society, Bathing and Golf. It is a Vacation Center. For details write Manager of Robinswood Inn.

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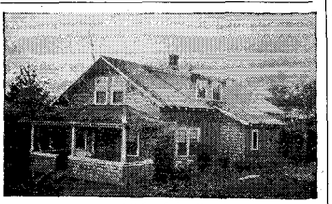
SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION—Continued

New Hampshire

SUGAR HILL, NEW HAMPSHIRE: For rent for summer season. Attractive furnished cottage; 10 rooms, 2 baths, 2 lavatories, electric lights. Garage. 5 acres grounds. Splendid view 3 mountain ranges. Housekeeping or not as desired. J. B. HARDON, 87 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished for rent and for sale. Write booklets. **Sargent & Co., New London, N. H.**
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

TO LET FOR SEASON
Summer house of the late John D. Bryant, Esq., Boston. Open fireplaces, furnace, baths, electric lights. Particulars MISS ANNIE H. DUNCAN, Meriden, N. H.



FOR SALE
Ideal summer place on 35 acre tract and woodland, best protection on all sides, ½ mile from main route from New York to White Mountains. Can be used for a home, ten minute walk from village. Kitchen, pantry, dining room, living room, den, toilet, and shed on first floor. Four bedrooms, sleeping porch and bathroom on second floor. Ample coat and bedroom closets, hot and cold water on both floors. American Radiator Heating plant, Chamberlain weather strips and high grade screens. Hardwood floors, modern in every respect, spring water with an electric pump, plot for garden. Cost over $6,000, will sell at a sacrifice. Please write for more information. 1201 Outlook and Independent.

FOR RENT—Cottage on lake shore. 4 good rooms, large screen porch, garage, boat, fishing, supplies delivered. Small colony of college and business people. $200 for season. CHARLES A. BRECK, Lochmere, N. H.

HOME COMFORTS
PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS
Cheery company for a few refined people. **Mrs. Emma F. Bartlett, Walpole, N. H.**

New Jersey

Spring Lake and Jersey Resorts
Because of Stock Market reverses I have **Exceptional Bargains.** Select homes. Acreage. Hotels. Farms. Water Front Sites. Exchange. Sale or Rent. **GEORGE MENNE,** Realtor, 514 Warren Ave., (At Railroad Station) Spring Lake, N. J.

TO RENT FURNISHED — "Powerville House." Charming old New Jersey homestead, just restored and fitted with modern conveniences. 2 acres, garden, canoeing and swimming in Rockaway River. Apply MRS. H. C. GEYER, Boonton, N. J.

Do You KNOW Manasquan, N. J.?
Seashore Property. I must sell my home there. Inspect it. It is a bargain at $9,500. Furnished if desired. Mrs. James M. Ziegler, 66 Church Street, Manasquan, N. J.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Furnished house to rent for 6 months from June 1st. 6 rooms, 2 baths, porches, open fireplaces. $150 a month. Phone 7873 Montclair.

FOR SALE—Income property, lot 75 x 198. Lovely old private home beautifully situated, best residential neighborhood. 12 rooms, 3 baths, wide porches, garage, furniture if desired. 207 Union Ave., Cranford, N. J.

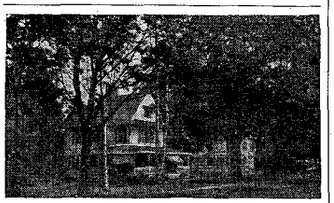
CAPE MAY POINT—Ocean Front; unique; secluded; 5 rooms; $250 for season; bath; electricity. HUGHAN, 2625 Chelsea, 171 West 12th Street, New York City, or Rockwell, Cape May, 63R4.

New York

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, For Rent. Cottage - 6 rooms, furnished; south of Essex; 1½ acres land; beach. $175 season. E. W. LEANING, N. Y. State Office Bldg. PS. C., Albany, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Home at Bronxville, N. Y. Eleven room house—three baths. Two car garage. About two acres in grounds. Fruit trees—flower and vegetable gardens. S. M. MUSSELMAN, Keswick, Va.

FOR SALE—Rockland, Sullivan County, on quiet street by a mill pond in the Beaverkill Valley. 1,300 feet elevation. Old fashioned, 10-room house, furnished, modern improvements and fireplace. ½ mile from Route 17 at Roscoe. Garage. Five minutes walk from Post Office, store, and golf course. $400 for the season. 1059 Outlook and Independent.



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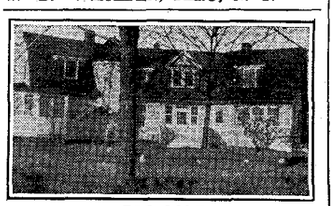
QUAKER HILL INN
Pawling, Dutchess Co., N. Y.
Non-housekeeping, attractive, freedom from care; maid service, light, linen, etc., supplied. Excellent meals at Inn near. Reasonable. Elevation 1,200 feet. Golf course. Berkshires, sixty miles from New York; excellent train service. Address Management, Quaker Hill Inn, Pawling, N. Y.

LAKE PLEASANT, N. Y. — FOR SALE
Summer Camp 200 ft. frontage Sacandaga Lake, 9-room house—garage. Water—electric lights. Adjoining Hamilton County Inn Golf Course. Further details, Eugene L. Smith, 36 Walker Ave., Bradford, Pa.

FOR SALE—SUMMER CAMP—furnished, on shore of Long Lake in heart of Adirondacks—Suitable for boarders, convalescent camp or club—Accommodates 30 people. For further information write MRS. C. V. MANN, 97 Morris Street, Albany, N. Y. After May 1st—Long Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS (Paradox Lake)—For rent, bungalows, attractive, for practical Summer comfort; modern conveniences; all sports. Charles A. Darby, Jr., 5 Winchester St., Brookline, Mass.

FOR SALE—Country home with plenty of room for children, located in small village near Lake Champlain, Ausable Chasm and Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y. B. E. HOLDEN, PERU, N. Y.



FOR SALE
STERLING RIDGE ESTATE. Pleasant Ridge and Sterling Road, Harrison, N. Y. Remodeled house of the late John W. Sterling, highly restrictive neighborhood. Over two and one quarter acres 170 ft. above Long Island Sound. 100 trees and bushes of finest kind, artesian well 400 ft. deep, city water also. Beautiful stone house and large barns—furnished or unfurnished. Large art collection, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, extra space for third bathroom, wash room off of dining room. All modern improvements, oil burner. Owner will sacrifice if quick sale. 1139 Outlook and Independent.

New York

"TRUESDALE LAKE"
Located in the picturesque hill and lake section of northern Westchester; convenient by motor or rail to New York. This is a restricted residential Country and Lake Club of 600 acres with the largest privately owned lake in Weschester. Write for booklet, or apply to Alpin I. Dunn, Resident Agent, "TRUESDALE LAKE," South Salem, N. Y.

FOR SALE—BELLPORT, L. I.—Large 12 room house on lot 120 x 207. Suitable for boarding house, good opportunity here all year round. House has 2 cellars, 2 furnaces, hot water, coal cellar that holds a car load. Large laundry, kitchen, pantry, bathroom, 2 toilets on ground floor, large dining room, sitting room, living room, open fireplace, hall and porch. 5 master bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 servant's rooms. Price $15,000. Box 55, Bellport, L. I.

FOR SUMMER RENTAL—Larchmont Manor. Thirty-five minutes from New York City. New eight room Colonial, completely furnished. Three baths, two open porches, garage, bath house, beach privileges. Fine view, open country and Long Island Sound. June 1st to September 15th. $1,800. Address OWNER, 1183 Outlook and Independent.

LONG ISLAND SUMMER COTTAGE FOR SALE OR RENT. PECONIC BAY—at Nassau Point—Picturesque cottage in oak forest close to shore. All rooms face water. 2-car garage. Unsurpassed boating. References exchanged. Rent $750. I. L. WHITE, 17 Fernwood Road, Summit, N. J.

WILL SUBLET to reliable people for summer months, unusually cool and light apartment on Central Park West at 65th Street, 6 large rooms, 3 baths. Furnished. Piano. Radio. Very reasonable. 1199 Outlook and Independent.

CATSKILLS—SHANDAKEN—FOR SALE OR RENT—Ideal for rest or recuperation. 6 rooms, rustic hillside cottage. Porches, fireplace, improvements. Home sun baths possible. Near delightful golf colony. M. OULD, 279 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

FOR SALE—12 rooms, 2 baths, lavatory. Generous piazzas and closets. 4 fireplaces. Vegetable, flower gardens. 127 Kelburne Ave., North Tarrytown, N. Y. Telephone 882 Tarrytown.

FOR SALE—Gentleman's farm, 141 acres. House, 8 rooms, 2 baths, 1 shower bath, large new barn, beautiful country. Apply to Box 18, Washingtonvill, Orange County, N. Y.

Pennsylvania

MAIN LINE near PHILADELPHIA
Very beautiful self-supporting estate of 189 acres, with nursery of c. 220,000 evergreens (sales in 1929, over $14,000), stream, woods, stone house, (modernized) c. 100 years old with 5 fireplaces, 2 stone barns, etc. Commute to Philadelphia in 52 minutes. $110,000, easy terms. C. G. HOAG, 3515 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Penna.

EAGLES MERE PARK, PA.
The Forest Inn has a number of desirable furnished cottages for rent by the month or season. Fine bathing and golf. Address The Forest Inn, Eagles Mere Park, Pa.

"BY-WATERS" on Bushkill Creek, Pike County, Penna. 7 rooms, bath, 2 enclosed porches, fireplace, electric, Frigidaire. Adults. Only $300. 1195 Outlook and Independent.

Texas

SOUTH TEXAS—2200 acre ranch—rich soil—100 acres in cultivation. Plenty of good water—ideal climate. General area has oil and gas possibilities. $15 per acre. 1217 Outlook and Independent.

Vermont

SUMMER PROPERTIES
For Sale and For Rent
BUILDING SITES
Mrs. C. L. Lee, Tel. 183-12 Dorset, Vt.

For Rent, Furnished, 5 room cottage on lake. Spring water, fireplace, screened piazza, garage, electric light. 1141 Outlook and Independent.

Virginia

FOR SALE—HOUSE—MONTVALE, VIRGINIA.
9 rooms. Modern, heat, electricity. 21 acres land. 2 acres planted in 200 tree orchard, the rest timber. Unusual. Details J. M. Stephens.

This is the last Real Estate Issue this Spring

but

there will be a column in our Regular Classified Section each week for . . . .

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THE OUTLOOK - Dept. C.
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men. Such would, and in no long time must be the effect of an attempt to suppress as a crime and to forbid as an evil the command and the blessing of Providence, 'Increase and multiply!'" Our prohibition law seems to be in danger of meeting the fate of the English regulation of the size of American families, and for much the same reason. Incurably a lover of truth and frankness, the human mind infallibly will detect fallacies in any legislation that is fallible, and, unless the mind be that of a zealot, one apparent fallacy has always been that the temperate use of intoxicants is a misdemeanor, much less a crime.

When I go back to the plantation, as I do twice a year, I find a change coming over the Negro, and it does not seem to me to be for the better. Hypocrisy is in the air. There are signs, countersigns, and pass-words. There is an atmosphere of apprehension, concealment, fearfulness. I see bootleggers' cars racing down otherwise beautiful and peaceful woodland roads. I see the cars of federal agents racing after the bootleggers' cars. I see strange white men and furtive Negroes emerging from dusky deer-haunts in the woods. The forest smokes with stills. The solemn starlit night is raucous with throbbing engines of motors and of motor-boats. I feel ill at ease. A vast underground business is going on, and its effect on the Negro I love is ruinous.

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With Our Readers

Insuring Peace

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Kansas City*

SIR—I believe it significant that the various international conferences held supposedly in behalf of peace, are the subject of no little jest and ridicule. We have from Will Rogers, for instance, "The statesmen agree to scrap everything they won't need in the next war," and Bernard Shaw laughs at the Kellogg-Briand pact, because it places a taboo on "offensive wars," while every country in the late conflict was fighting on the "defensive."

It is a well known fact that wars are fought for economic gain, territory, trade, supremacy, etc. If the statesmen of the world really desire peace, and if they don't call disarmament conferences for the sake of political opportunism, why is it that they have not long ago made a treaty or series of treaties which involve a course of action similar to the following:

Two initiatory countries (say Spain and France) sign a treaty in which they solemnly agree:

A. That whether either country deems a future war between them defensive or offensive, the victor shall not demand by treaty, or any similar instrument, as much as one square foot of ground from the vanquished.

B. That after a certain lapse of time (say five years) after the ending of hostilities, the World Court, or some other agreed upon international tribunal, shall hear the claims of the two countries as against one another, and shall make settlement on a basis similar to the following:

1. $5,000 to the legal heirs of every soldier killed in combat. These sums to be paid by the government whose agencies caused his death.

2. $5,000 to the legal heirs of every civilian killed as a result of the war. These sums to be paid by the government whose agencies caused his death.

3. That the actual property damage suffered by the civilian be paid for by the country whose agencies caused the damage.

4. In the case of an alliance, the various countries could compensate according to the numerical ratio of their actual combative forces of that whole side.

C. 1. That a victor would not by treaty or any similar understanding attempt to force its economic will upon the vanquished.

2. That if either country attempted to force its economic will upon the other, the same could appeal to the designated international tribunal, and that body could award compensation for any possible damage done.

3. That the international tribunal be given the power to absolve any and all treaties made after the war, on the ground that they would work as a hardship on one of the parties litigant.

ROSS H. LATSHAW

Compliment

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Kingston, R. I.*

SIR—May I offer a word of commendation for your attitude toward the situation in Russia? Surrounded as one is at the present time by the propaganda of the "ikon-oclasts" on the one hand and the hysterical fears of the Red-Hunters on the other, it is a relief to find one periodical taking an unprejudiced view of the situation.

RACHEL SHEPARD HIGGINS

Cannon to Right of Us

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—In your issue of May 14th, there was printed a letter from Bishop James Cannon, Jr., which was so utterly misleading in its implications that it gives me keen satisfaction to point out to the Bishop a few of his errors, and also give him a lesson in mathematics.

I quote Bishop Cannon as follows: "It is therefore to be expected that in such a poll as that taken by the Literary Digest, the vote for modification or repeal will exceed that for enforcement and that such a poll has no real value as an indication of what would be the vote in any regular election authorized y State or Federal law. The Literary Digest ll for Virginia emphasizes this conclusion. vote reported in the Digest Poll for Virgi tals 19,500 of which 8,700 is for repeal, for modification, 5,700 for enforcement. At the Presidential election, the Virginia vote was over 200,000 (fifteen times as many as the present reported Digest Poll) of which number Hoover received a majority over Smith of 24,000—Virginia's Presidential election indicated a clear dry majority."

The Bishop then goes on to state that the conclusion that Virginia favors the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is not warran ed on the basis of the Literary Digest Poll.

Now for a little simple arithmetic. The actual vote cast for Hoover in Virginia was 164,609. Smith polled a vote 140,146. The ratio of the Hoover vote to the Smith vote is 1.17 to one.

The Literary Digest Poll shows 8,700 for repeal and 5,200 for modification; or a total of 13,900 against 5,700 for enforcement, which is a ratio 2.43 to one.

Consequently, the people of Virginia voted in the Digest Poll 2.43 to one against enforcement, and even allowing that the Hoover-Smith election was voted purely on the Wet-Dry question, the result in the election, which elected Hoover, was only 1.17 to one. Can the Bishop now prove that the odds of 2.43 to one are less than 1.17 to one.

Also, how much more money was spent in Virginia electing Hoover than Smith (see World Almanac.)

Furthermore, where is that $65,000 the Bishop received from Jameson that he has not yet accounted for? Did it go to fight the "More-Gin" movement, or to satisfy the "Margin" demands?

LE GRAND B. CANNON

Somewhat Materialistic

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *East Norwalk, Conn.*

SIR—To beat the Eighteenth Amendment, registered preponderance of vote-casting public opinion must be found in thirty-six states.

But public opinion is merely a vaporous ebullition from the alleged brains of the moron mob superheated by crafty headlines of venal newspapers. And money buys the headlines. The mob never thinks. It only feels. But it often feels that it thinks, which is a flattering sensation with which the newspapers tickle it. The fact is the mob only hungers and thirsts; and the newspapers nurse the hunger and thirst and then feed and water (or whiskey) the mob according to the contract. The mob is thus worked into an assemblage of hypnotized morons. And the morons vote.

Newspapers are morally sexless. They have to be. Or at best they are moral or immoral in the same way a handsaw or jackplane is moral or immoral. And they sell themselves like mute tools to the highest bidder for propagandic publicity . . .

But people should not blame the newspapers for their crass venality. Newspapers have to live. The fine feeling of self-approval for backing a moral issue never pays any bills. Newspapers are not Sunday School lesson leaflets or Red Cross circulars. They would like to be, but they would starve. The only way they can get fed is by the sale of hypnotizing publicity to the best bet and the highest bidder. You and I would do the same.

Headlining is a great art of which newspapers are past masters. They can pick berries from both sides of the fence. The same news item can be headlined, "Mr. Wickersham Thinks Prohibition is as Well Enforced as Traffic Laws," or, "Mr. Wickersham Thinks Prohibition Could be Wisely Modified." Or again, "Mr. Hoover Stands by His 'Noble Experiment,'" or, "Mr. Hoover Begins to Doubt his 'Noble Experiment.'" It is a great and profitable art. You may have "Mr. Facing-Both-Ways" beaten to a "frazzle," to use a word made glorious by the great Roosevelt . . .

There is a great commercial interest back of the wets, and another great commercial interest back of the drys. The greater must finally win through newspaper headlines, the power which makes votes. The longwinded money-bag will finally win, in spite of all sentimental "fizz" to the contrary, whether the "fizz" rises to the high-brow "personal liberty," or low-brow, Ford efficiency, keyed to the Edison flute, the sordid material stuff that reckons good only in resulting output. It is purely a commercial fight. The winning aggregation will prove to be that which has the greater commercial significance.

The fight must be to a final finish, even though it is prolonged over a whole century. The drys have centuries of wet rule and ruin to convict the wet world of sordid villainy; but that will count for nothing if the wets can show a better profit and loss sheet in the end . . .

What is the inference? That if the drys don't shell out money from the pockets of their "efficiency" apostles, like Henry Ford, showing the sort of faith that is in them and prove that "efficiency" is a better money-getter than unbridled wettism, our war ladies, like Mrs. Sabin and Mrs. Pratt, are going to have dangling at their war-belts very soon (in two or three years, they promise) the wet and bloody scalps of those thirty-six states so indispensable to the tomahawking of the Eighteenth Amendment. Newspaper billboard publicity is mightily indicated. Let the drys go to it, if they would not perish in the wet deluge. To sum it all up, for the pure bunk, which it so manifestly is, let us cut out all this cheap, fizzy, sentimental, booby-baby-bosh about hip-flasking and get right down to the brass tacks of the commercial proposition that the bigger money bag laid out in newspaper, billboard publicity is going to win. Whose bag will that be—pure commercialism, all sob stuff aside? Will America drunk or America sober pay the larger dividends in the end? The question is as simple as that.

OLD BRASSIE

Age and Alcohol

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Manchester, N. H.*

SIR—In a recent issue of the Outlook one Maynard P. Follin deplores the propensity of crabbed age to interfere with the inalienable right of flaming youth to drink itself into a state of alcoholic oblivion, citing the alleged fact that "all the people" testifying in favor of prohibition before the Congressional Committee were in the "sere and yellow leaf."

Whether this assertion be true or not I have not followed the evidence closely enough to judge. Granting, however, that it is correct, there are two possible explanations of this phenomenon.

1. The older generation, having tasted in their youth the supposititious joys of hard liquor have found it Dead Sea fruit and are anxious to warn the younger generation from following in their footsteps.

2. So many of the younger set of an earlier day have fallen by the wayside in a vain endeavor to keep up with the alcoholic procession that few or none are left to witness to the salubrious effects of booze.

LEONARD WORCESTER

How to Behave in Times Square

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Troy, N. Y.*

SIR—May I protest against your views on prohibition in particular, and the magazine in general, including such foolishness as the criminal story running in same. Your constant anti-prohibition remarks are too persistent to be those of an uninterested party. They sound like Anheuser Busch ownership. Well, whoop it up, the minority always makes the most noise, and I suppose it will keep your readers from falling into a state of apathy.

You have fallen into the natural condition of affairs, which seems to be contrariness, and a desire to harass our present administration, whether it be the Senate, the press or what not. How any one can be for booze is beyond me. News thrives on the reverse, I know . . .

Of course you are pretty near Times Square which may represent the world to you, but does not mean much to the rest of the country. We all go down there to play and raise a little hell, and then come home and settle down. We vote from our homes, and I think sanely, against booze. No woman or child would want it, I feel sure, except those without responsibility.

All we need is some teeth in Washington and every cop responsible for his beat to clean this up over night, together with the co-operation of the press in outlawing drink, and taking their position for the support of the law. You might try it out by doing just as much for it as you have already done against it.

MARTIN STOPFER

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